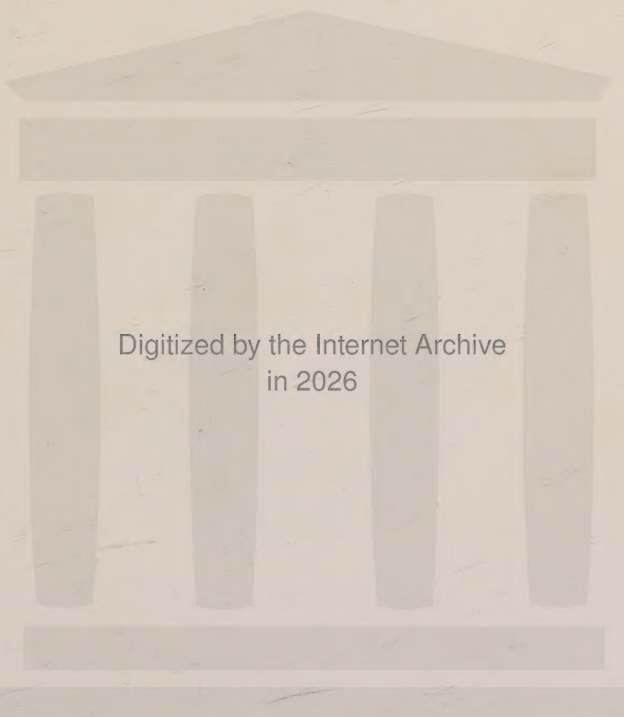


James Tait Watson

December 1899

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THE LIFE OF
FRANCIS WILLIAM CROSSLEY



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F. W. Crossley

THE LIFE OF
FRANCIS WILLIAM
CROSSLEY

EDITED

BY

J. RENDEL HARRIS

SECOND EDITION

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PREFACE

FRANK CROSSLEY was a nineteenth-century saint, whom Francis of Assisi might have recognised as a brother in faith and spirit. It was my happiness to make his acquaintance on his first settling in Manchester, and to know him intimately in times of trial and of success, when struggling and when prosperous, through many phases of belief and modes of action, and in all to see him like himself and not unlike his Lord. I am thankful, therefore, for the opportunity of thus associating myself with the loving hands which, in the following pages, have outlined so truly Christian a life, even though a preface may seem superfluous. That life was recognised by all who knew it even slightly and unsympathetically as beautiful in its unworldliness, its faithfulness to conscience, its unstinted liberality, and its self-oblivion. To many it brought inspiration and grave questionings as to their own duty as Christians. To those who were closest to him, his character seemed like some pellucid sea which could never "cast up mire and dirt," however disturbed, but was pure and translucent to its deepest depths.

Their hope in taking part in this volume is that it may help to perpetuate the impression made by its subject on all who came in contact with him, and may carry to a wider public something of the influence which a narrower one so strongly felt. Surely the present type of Christians need few things more than to be brought face to face with a life, which was one long endeavour to make Christian principles realities, and to follow them, and the Christ who is assumed to be our pattern, wherever they led, no matter how "odd" or how hard the resulting course might be.

"Whence had the man the balm that brightens all?"

The basis of his life, and the mightiest force in moulding his character was his intense realisation of his personal relation to Christ who had died for him, and now lived in him. The wholesome mysticism which belongs to all deep Christian experience, and consists in faith in, and possession of direct communion with, the living Christ, made Frank Crossley what he was. From it "beauty, born of" something better than "murmuring sound," had passed into his face, and a great peace into his heart, and an all-shaping impulse into his life.

The natural character on which his religion worked was remarkable, both in its sweetness and its strength. On one side it was scientific, on another it was a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

The combination of great inventive capacity in a mechanical direction, of great organising and commercial power, which were proved by his extraordinary success in business, with the pure idealism and unworldly aspiration which dominated him, struck outsiders as strange, but was not singular to those who knew how he made gas engines, as he did everything, "to the greater glory of God." A nineteenth-century saint does not live in a cloister, but in the grime of Manchester's grimmest suburb, passes his mornings in his Works, his evenings in trying to bring wanderers back to the Good Shepherd, and in both is doing the same work, and serving the same Lord.

A similar unity ran through Mr. Crossley's life in regard to its religious development, which was marked by considerable variation of intellectual position. Beginning with the ordinary "Low Church" evangelicalism, he was for a time powerfully influenced by Maurice, and Maurice's teacher, Erskine. Then came a period of obscurity of faith, through which he passed, emerging into firmer grasp of central truths. The work of the Salvation Army appealed to his yearnings for a live religion, and to his concern for the masses whom no church touched. Finally, he threw his whole soul into independent efforts to live the Christ-life amidst them, and, giving up his pleasant home and the usual surroundings of his position, built the Star Hall, Ancoats, Manchester, where for the rest of his days, with inexhaustible

pecuniary generosity, and as inexhaustible spiritual fervour, he preached and toiled, lived and at last died, leaving Manchester the poorer for his loss, and the richer for the example of a life utterly given to and for Jesus Christ. May this little volume help, not only to keep his memory green, but to set some other Christians thinking whether their lives could not be more completely offered on the same altar as was this life !

ALEXANDER M'LAREN.

A SONNET

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY

In Memoriam

*Here are so many that when one man dies
We scarce may miss the long familiar face.
They are so few—the heroes of our race—
That all the city, in its sad surprise,
Sobs, and the humblest worker feels his eyes
Dim, and the strong voice fallers for a space ;
So much of manliness and gentle grace
Gone swiftly to its home in Paradise !*

*For this was he who what the left had given
Let not his right hand know. And this was he
Who made the woes of poor men all his own,
Stood for Armenia and her martyr crown,
Bade Britain dare from bondage to be free,
Took up his cross, and followed Christ to heaven.*

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THE LIFE OF FRANCIS WILLIAM CROSSLEY

CHAPTER I

SEPPER TOLDOTH ; OR, THE BOOK OF GENERATIONS

THE little book that is here opened before you, dear reader, is the summary record of a good man's living, told by those who loved him best, and who are not wholly at ease to leave their memories of him unregistered. A number of his friends and lovers have conspired to play the part of scribes and chroniclers, and one of them has undertaken the office of an editor. It is not, however, a continuous life-story that is here set out, but rather a series of glimpses, taken from various points of view and at different periods of time, of the action and passion of a spiritually minded man. You will not read far before the suspicion will arise that the book has some analogies with what, in the Roman Church, would be called the process of canonisation of a saint, in which evidence is given (too often more voluminous than true) as to the manifestation of Christ in His

follower and as to the signs that accompany him that believes ; and this body of evidence is then submitted to the Pope (who, although reckoned to be infallible, requires to be carefully instructed in the step that he is to take), in order that he may make the final decree which shall add to the calendar the names of St. Francis or St. Benedict, St. Clare or St. Theresa.

Be assured, however, that in the case of our St. Francis (St. Francis of Ancoats, whom we count as real a saint as St. Francis of Assisi) the documents of the canonisation will not be voluminous, and they will be so simply true that we have very little fear that the devil's advocate, who is usually supposed to assist at canonisations, will venture to formulate an adverse case. But whether the devil's advocate appear on the scene or not, we can easily establish the case for canonisation, and then Love, who is Christ's vicar here on earth, as he is Christ's self in heaven, will pronounce the decree that numbers him for us amongst the blessed and blameless, the holy and humble men of heart.

But if the story turn out not to be voluminous, we have a hope that it will be not altogether wanting in variety ; for he of whom we write was, in the most pronounced sense, a man amongst men, to whom no genuine human interest was alien ;¹ he was as active in business as he was sympathetic with art, and as

¹ He was several times approached by his fellow-citizens with a view to a Parliamentary contest.

engrossed in philanthropy as he was absorbed in God ; nor would it have been difficult to predict, in view of the variety of his early tastes and capacities, a number of attractive vortices in which he might have been caught and carried down, if he had not been swept into the abyss of the manifestation of Divine Love to the creature, and so carried up. Almost all his natural interests were human interests ; and, lover of his kind as he was by nature, he became much more so by grace ; the whole effect of the drift and pressure which came upon him from the invisible world was to make him ever more deeply concerned in the welfare of his fellow-men.

It is a significant proof of the slowness with which our Lord's teaching has made headway in the world, that many of those who in earlier times were the keenest after sanctity, fell short of what we should in the present day describe as common and necessary goodness ; they attained not to philanthropy, and were not conspicuously written down as those that loved their fellow-men ; they became too much devoted to the desert, and too little in love with the town ; and while taming lions in lonely places, they left the worst lion of all to wander about whole cities of men, untamed and unhindered. And although there has never been a time in the history of the Christian Church which has not been marked by some conspicuous examples of devotion to the science and art of making the world better, still it belongs to

the nineteenth century to find out for us the laws of the science and to lay the rules of the art upon us as universal and necessary obligations. That is to say, the philanthropist is the modern form of the evolution of the saint ; and when we find him, we are not to regard him as belonging to a lower spiritual order than the prophet and martyr, but as a newer and higher form of both, and we are to say of him to Him that fashioned him, "Thou hast kept the best wine until now."

We shall show him to you in these pages—a man who humbled himself to walk with his God, and who schooled himself to walk the more wisely and helpfully with his brother-man. His spiritual life will be disclosed, and we shall be led to record his second birth, his complete consecration to his Lord, his untiring zeal for bettering the souls and bodies of man, and his happy departure at the last to his own place and his own people ; but then we must also tell of his life amongst men, and we shall have to talk of gas-engines and of governments, of patents and of foreign policies, of societies for hindering bad people from becoming worse, and for helping them to become better, of sweet family life and deep-rooted friendships that trust to outlast time.

Not an easy task, surely ! seeing that it involves a wider definition than ordinary of a philanthropist as "a man who has been up into the mountain with

the Lord, and has come down again into the plain with the people," a definition which in the particular case before us requires us to make a further correction in our geography, so as no longer to regard Ancoats, in which he lived and for which he laboured, as a district of Manchester, but as a town that lies at the foot of the mountain of Transfiguration.

We must not, however, begin our picture of our beloved saint by painting the aureole round his head before we have sketched the form and the face. Our first duty is to think of him in as commonplace a way as it is possible to think, for there is, or ought to be, a definition of sanctity which makes it consist in an increased capacity for successfully living the everyday life of the ordinary person. One of the fathers of the desert, whom we were criticising somewhat severely a few lines back, comes to our aid at this point with a little summary of the characteristics of the saintly person.

"Sometimes," says St. Macarius, "they are seized with grief and sadness, tenderly yearning for the salvation of all men ; and, glowing with a spiritual affection for mankind, they take up a lamentation for the whole race of Adam, and are even so inflamed with a delicious and unutterable love, that if it were possible they would embrace and press into their bosom every individual man, making no

difference between good and bad. At another time they conceive so mean an estimation of themselves that they think no one beneath them, but rather account themselves the lowest of all men; and then again they are absorbed into a joy not to be spoken. Sometimes, like a champion clad in royal armour, who has gone down to the battle and put the enemy to flight, these also, fortifying themselves with the armour of the Spirit, go forth against the invisible enemies, and tread them under their feet; then again a certain calm comes over them, and they are comforted by a communication of the exquisite delights of peace. Now they are enriched with divine intelligence and wisdom and inscrutable knowledge of the Spirit, and are instructed by the grace of Christ in such things that it would be impossible with one tongue to declare; *and then again, they appear like any other ordinary person.*"¹

We feel a special gratitude to Macarius for that last sentence. All of his description applies to our beloved friend, Saintly Love, Saintly Humility, Saintly Courage, and the Saintly Commonplace; and with the last we may begin the record of his life.

It is clear that we must begin our reminiscences by constructing for him a genealogy, and by writing for him what the Jews call a *Sepher Toldoth*, or

¹ "Institutes of Christian Perfection" of Macarius the Egyptian, translated by Granville Penn. Why do not some of our "Holiness" friends reprint this little book?

Book of Generations. It is the familiar method of beginning a biography, for which the Gospels themselves are in evidence ; what has St. Matthew done in his first chapter but prefix to his life of the Messiah a page which he has excised from the Messiah's Family Bible? Christ as Melchizedek, whose descent is not counted, is an afterthought in the New Testament, if we may judge from the pains which Matthew has taken to carry His ancestry back to Abraham, or which St. Luke has taken to refer Him, and all humanity with Him, to the bosom of God.

We cannot, indeed, imitate exactly in modern writing the Jewish method of genealogising, which seems to aim at going as far back as possible, and neglects the collateral branches almost entirely ; our investigations do not take us very far back, and we have spent no time amongst church registers and similar documents, in order to trace the family line from place to place, or from fortune to misfortune. As far, however, as we have gone back, we have tried to indicate the collateral branches, and to connect one with another, those who are called living and those who are called dead. That is to say, we have constructed a fragment of the Crossley genealogy in order to make the story which follows more easily intelligible ; and by looking at it in the form of a diagram it will be easy to see who are those that preceded him, and who are those that are alive and remain (a broad division

GENEALOGY OF FRANCIS W. CROSSLEY

JOHN CROSSLEY (grandfather)
of co. Antrim,
m. Miss Alcott, by whom he
had 5 children, of whom
the youngest

MAJOR FRANCIS CROSSLEY
of Glenburn, Dunmurry,
near Lisburn, co. Antrim,
b. 1787, *d.*
m. (1) Miss Stewart of Lisburn,
d. in India (none of their
children survived).
m. (2) in 1837, Elizabeth
Helen Irwin.

WILLIAM IRWIN, J.P. (grandfather),
of Mount Irwin, Tynan,
co. Armagh, *m.* Miss Elizabeth
Crommelin of Carrowdore Castle,
co. Down.

MARIA. WILLIAM, ELIZABETH CROM- HAR- HAST- ARTHUR. HENRY. FANNY. ALICIA-
HELEN. MELIN, RIETTE, INGS.

(And two children who did not reach maturity.)

FRANCIS W.
CROSSLEY,
b. Nov. 27, 1839,
m. EMILY KERR,
b. April 13, 1849.

EMMELINE, * WILLIAM JOHN, HASTINGS,
m. Alex. M'Laren. *m.* Mabel Anderson. *m.* Agnes Irwin. †

HELEN K. RICHARD F., ALAN ERSKINE FRANCIS
CROSSLEY *b.* Oct. 17, HASTINGS, ALICK, MARSHALL,
(Ella), 1873, *b.* June 15, *b.* July 26, *b.* July 26,
b. Mar. 2, *d.* April 2, 1878. 1880. 1884.
1872. 1884.

* A first cousin of Dr. McLaren of Manchester.

† Not a relative, though the name might suggest it.

of mankind into two classes, which St. Paul carried forward to the Last Day) ; it will also be possible to understand a little of the loves and griefs of the family to which our friend belonged, and to reconstruct a part of the spiritual environment which must have played so important a part in the growth of so good a man.

The genealogical table contains many suggestions with regard to the influences that went to the fashioning of Frank Crossley's character. There are a number of hereditary straws which show which way the wind was blowing, albeit the wind be that of which we are advised that "thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." The Holy Spirit in a good man has a history that is as long as the story of the race itself ; and even in the record of our ancestors we catch a sight of God's intentions with regard to ourselves and of the way in which He is teaching us to go, taking us by the arms. Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

The Crossley family is a younger branch of an old Norman Lancashire stock, the Crossleys of Scaitcliffe House, Todmorden. And it appears that in the year 1689 two brothers of this family, respectively the second and third, named Anthony and Luke, followed William III. to Ireland, and remained in Ulster, Anthony settling at Dromore and Luke in

Tyrone. I suspect that this intimates the existence of a militant Protestantism in the direct line of ancestry, good old oak timber in the beams of the house, and rock-bed of truth for its foundation. The brothers who landed in Ireland with the army of William III. were the younger children of John Crossley who fought at Marston Moor in 1644.¹ The same factor reappears, with a slight modification, in the maternal ancestry, for, as we shall see presently, the family, on this side, settled in Ulster at an even earlier date (somewhere in the time of James II.), and one branch of it is conspicuously Huguenot in origin. Our friend may therefore be added to the long list of the losses of France and the gains of England. He was prepared of God to love liberty and to hate intolerance, to stand firm for a pure and reformed faith, and to labour for its further refining and for the reforming of it altogether. The combination of military virtues and sacrificial instincts, of the struggling and the suffering life, in one's forbears is a wholesome one which may readily tend towards sanctity; but it is

¹ On the wrong side. Am I asked to define more exactly which was the wrong side? Inprimis, either side is a wrong side, when the attempt is made to solve by arms the problems of the State. Not to obscure historical facts, however, let it be stated that John Crossley fought for King Charles against the Parliament. If any one wishes to say that this was the right side, he will not expect my assistance in such wayward ethics and politics.

John Crossley's sword is an heirloom in the family, and was long preserved in the armoury at Scaitcliffe, from which it passed recently into the possession of Mr. Crossley, the vicar of Egremont, in Cheshire.

not to be thought of as the mixing of an acid with an alkali, to the neutralising of the properties of either; if that were so, we should have to define a saint as one who could not fight and who did not suffer, which would be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole matter. Frank Crossley could fight and he could suffer, when he had the right causes to fight for, the right weapons to employ, and the right people to suffer with. His military ancestry instinctively led him to do the one, and his Huguenot forefathers the other.

In calculating the ancestral influences which operated upon Frank Crossley, it seems, then, to be quite out of the question to ignore the military element. His father, Major Crossley, was in the service of the East India Company, his great-great-grandfather was in the Ulster invasion under William III., and his great-great-great-grandfather was at the battle of Marston Moor. Heredity is hardly likely to be silent on such decided antecedents. Add to this that he was himself for a while in the service, being for a short period an officer in the Tyrone Fusiliers, and you will be able to explain some of the features in his character and history at a glance, such as his instinctive and almost unconscious power of leadership. The same cause explains how it was that although in every relation of life—as husband, father, brother, son, or friend—he was a person of the most exquisite tenderness, there was, when needful,

a note of command that sometimes seemed almost harsh. Probably his attachment to the Salvation Army, to which we shall presently allude, was also coloured by his hereditary military instincts, however much it might seem at first sight to be a case of simple spiritual gravitation. There is no doubt that he loved the discipline of the Salvation Army, and it is no secret that at one time he had gone so far towards joining General Booth and his followers as to order for himself the outward and visible signs of incorporation with the Salvationist movement.

A closer investigation into his immediate antecedents reveals the fact that the influence of his father was conspicuous in the formation of his habits and tastes, as well as in the inherited vigour and rigour of military discipline. Major Francis Crossley went to India at the age of eighteen, or thereabouts,¹ in the service of the East India Company: he was attached to the 4th Europeans, but held many staff appointments. A note-book of his is preserved in the family which shows that in 1815 he was Governor of the Banda Spice Islands, with Amboyna as the nearest point of communication with the outside world; he was far away enough in those days of leisurely sailing ships from the strife that was nearing its

¹ Probably in A.D. 1805. Ninety years later his son made what proved to be his last journey to the same quarter of the globe, and had good service amongst the various mission stations in India and Ceylon.

close in Europe, and we can hardly realise to-day how long the news of the Battle of Waterloo must have taken to reach him.

The note-book in question shows an accurate and business-like habit of mind : the entries include the name of every estate in the islands, with the number of nutmegs each was capable of producing. His artistic leanings, also, were shown in sketches of these lovely islands, and from these in later years his widow, Mrs. Crossley, produced a large oil-painting, which still hangs in the hall at Anagola.¹ His travels were not confined to the East Indies, but were extended to Greece and the south of Europe, and upon one occasion he went as far as China. From all the places that he visited he brought home the best works available for the illustration of the country in question ; his library was enriched with exquisite volumes of fine engravings, and his collections of curios, china, metal-work, and illustrated native productions, amounted to a real heirloom. Nor is it difficult to see that Major Crossley left behind him, not merely artistic collections for the enrichment of his family, but that the very tastes which led to the formation of these collections remained with his son Francis, in whom they attained a remarkable degree of cultivation.

There is one direction, however, in which I cannot find that Frank Crossley inherited anything

¹ The home of the family in Ireland after Major Crossley's death.

from his father ; Major Crossley had all the elements which go to the making of a great linguist, though he left Ulster at eighteen, and could have had by that time of life no very high degree of education, yet he kept up what Greek and Latin he had learned, and his charming little copies of Homer and Horace followed him to India, with many volumes of the Delphin classics ; his interest in the French and Italian literature is attested by his exquisite editions of the poets and prose writers of both nations ; and it is said that when he returned from India he was master of seven languages. In this respect he was singularly unlike his son Francis, who was never a man of many books at any time of his life, and whose school-days appear to have been the most dreary part of his life.

On the other hand, I think that Major Crossley is responsible for a part of Frank Crossley's instinctive love of theology, which was certainly his favourite science. The influence must be hereditary rather than direct, for Frank was only seven years old when his father died. Perhaps the best way to establish the existence of this element in his theological ancestry will be to transcribe part of a letter written by Major Crossley in 1846, dealing with the difficult problem of the nature of inspiration, in which he discourses on the subject in a manner that marks him as at once a profound believer and a man of great reasoning power.

The letter is addressed to Mr. Reeves, the great Irish antiquary and divine,¹ with whom he has clearly been discussing some of his perplexities:—

“GLENBURNE, *July* 18, 1846.

“MY DEAR MR. REEVES, — . . . I think your learned research has thrown considerable light on the question, though it does not altogether remove the difficulty, for it amounts, I believe, to little more than this, that the Prophet,² seeing the apparent change in the Divine action, spoke of the cause ‘humanly,’ or substituted for the unrevealed motive the supposition of such a motive as men might have been influenced by on a somewhat similar occasion, but which we may conclude, from what is affirmed of the divine nature in the same chapter,³ was not revealed to him in terms, and was rather the expression of his own feelings (excited by the ingratitude of Saul) than of the Divine mind.

“I am very apprehensive that to entertain this view fully is to depreciate the Word of God, and in fact I only receive it for the present as a resource from a greater evil, and would be very glad to be relieved from both, in a more satisfactory light than I can anywhere find. I do not know how generally the difficulty is felt, but I presume that

¹ Rector of Tynan, and subsequently Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore; and well known as editor of Adamnan’s *Life of St. Columba*.

² He appears to be referring to 1 Sam. xv., where Saul is warned that the kingdom is taken from him by the Lord.

³ 1 Sam. xv. 29.

Olinthus Gregory or Coleridge, both very remarkable men, and I suppose sincere believers, have tried to grapple with it. I extract their remarks on the main question.

“ Coleridge says: ‘ There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation : they have been and continue to be grievously confounded. Balaam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation, but no one, I suppose, will venture to call either of these worthies inspired.

“ ‘ It is my profound conviction that St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired ; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe there was revelation. All religion is *revealed* ; *revealed Religion* is in my judgment a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the Prophets : revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul. But is it not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his natural strength of reasoning, moral and even physical temperament ? . . . You read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill under the blessing of God afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it, not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity or

facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to natural traditions.’ ”

An extract then follows from Olinthus Gregory, on the various degrees of inspiration, after which the writer concludes :—

“ It is possible or probable that we are reduced to this [recognition of a human element in the Scriptures] : nevertheless, whether it arise from a superstitious or a just reverence for the Scriptures I do not contentedly resign myself to it, and would be glad to be shown a surer and therefore a more agreeable path. . . . —Yours very sincerely,

“ FRAS. CROSSLEY.”

It is clear that such a letter as this could only have been written by a person at once instructed and thoughtful, reverent and reasonable. He faced the question of the existence of a human element in the Scripture prudently but fearlessly, and it is clear that he was familiar with the problems which the Scriptures present, and with the currents of thought that were eddying round them in his own day. It need scarcely be said that it was not such an easy matter to recognise in 1846 that the Scriptures were subject to the same laws as other human compositions as it has become at the close of the century.¹

¹ For years before his death Major Crossley held classes on Sunday for his poorer neighbours and dependants, to the preparation for which he devoted many of his best hours, as existing MS. volumes testify. After

I return now to the genealogical table on the mother's side, in order to confirm what has been said above with regard to the existence of a Huguenot element in Frank Crossley's ancestry.

It will be observed that amongst the names of the large family which is composed of Frank Crossley's uncles and aunts on the mother's side, there is the name of Crommelin Irwin, and this peculiarly un-English and un-Irish name appears from the table to be the maiden name of Mr. Crossley's grandmother, who was Elizabeth Helen Crommelin before she became Elizabeth Helen Irwin, and the mother of a round dozen of lesser Irwins.

The table describes her as a Crommelin of Carrowdore Castle, and investigation will show that the name is not only the family name of one of the greatest benefactors of Ireland, but that it is also the name of one of the most celebrated families of Huguenot refugees. It will also appear that, in close connection with this famous family, of which we must speak more at length, there is another family involved in the genealogy from the same historical source; for the Crommelins of Carrowdore Castle are not Crommelins by a direct line of

forty years had elapsed his son (who had rented the old house) found here and there the memory of these talks still vivid and green in the hearts of some who had heard them. To these he was still "the major"—no other name was needed. By these his last words had never been forgotten—"Is this death? Why, this is nothing!"

descent ; their real name is De la Cherois, and they have taken the name of Crommelin in addition to that of De la Cherois on succeeding to the Crommelin estates at a time when the main line of the Crommelin descent was become extinct. But an examination of the family registers shows that even before the Crommelin estates passed into the possession of the family of De la Cherois, the two families were so intermarried that they might almost be counted a single family ; to be a Crommelin involved, almost to a certainty, the interfusion of blood from the family of De la Cherois, and conversely.

For the present let it suffice to state that, on the other side, Frank Crossley's ancestry runs back into the closely linked families of Crommelin and of De la Cherois, and both these names are famous in the history of the refugee French Protestants, who escaped from their native land at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We must say something with regard to each of the families involved, and a few words, also, with regard to the great historical movements and migrations which they represent. We shall show the family of De la Cherois, driven by Roman Catholic tyranny from their native land, and the leading members of that family serving under the banner of William, Prince of Orange, both in Holland, before his accession to the British throne, and in Ireland during the momentous struggles of the earlier years of the

Liberator's reign; and then we shall show how Crommelin the peaceful came on the heels of De la Cherois the warlike, and established for King William in Ireland those industries with which his family had for centuries enriched the north of France, and made Ulster great with the produce of the looms for linen weaving, which superstition had broken up in Picardy.

But as it is quite possible that many of our readers are not as interested as they ought to be in genealogy and in history, we will put these matters in a separate section, and call it, not the second chapter of the book, but an appendix to the first chapter, which means, good reader, that if you find it tedious you can leave the Appendix alone, and continue with Chapter II.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER I

CONTAINS SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT
FAMILIES OF DE LA CHEROIS AND CROMMELIN

FRANCE at the present time is still reeling with the loss of blood caused by her two historic attempts at suicide, and would, indeed, have long since bled to death but for that marvellous and almost inexplicable recuperative power which characterises her national life. These two suicidal attempts are (1) the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572 ; (2) the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Nothing that has ever happened in France has devitalised her as these two historical persecutions have done. National reverses there may have been ; long-protracted struggles with other countries, or agonised wrestlings of shorter and fiercer type. But neither Waterloo nor Sedan wrought any permanent ill to the French : the French Revolution itself, with its crude violence and attendant horrors, was both slight in comparison with the mischiefs of St. Bartholomew and of the Revocation, and has resulted in so many forms of healthy progress and social emancipation as almost to make it a blessing. But who can say anything good of those religious per-

secutions which, in two successive centuries, decreed the extirpation of the "heresy" of Protestantism; and, in extirpating heresy by the sword, annihilated at once the intellect, the wealth, the industries, and the religious progress of the country, and washed up on alien shores the wreckage of the better part of its civilisation to be the riches of the Gentiles, so that England and northern Ireland become what France has made them, and France becomes what she has unmade herself. And for this she may thank the Pope and the Jesuits; the former will always wear round his neck the medal struck in honour of the slaughter of the Huguenots, on one side of which the angel of the Lord is fulfilling, with a drawn sword upon a prostrate or fleeing crowd, the imprecation of the thirty-fifth Psalm, "Let the angel of the Lord persecute them"; while on the other side serenely smiles the sovereign Pontiff Gregory XIII., who professes to have the monopoly and chief charge of the fulfilment of the injunction which the risen Saviour gave to "Feed My sheep." The words "Ugonottorum Strages, 1572" ("Massacre of the Huguenots") upon this famous medal may serve for a marginal annotation in the authorised Roman Vulgate upon "Pasce oves meas" in the twenty-first chapter of John. But even if the Papacy should repent of these and similar crimes, the religious orders which are the peculiar instigators of them will find no place for repentance; they have been too successful in crime

ever to really repent or be forgiven; have verified too literally their rule, that persecution will not fail if you persecute sufficiently, for them to be able to evade the natural result of their triumphs—a final struggle between their splendidly organised anti-social and irreligious forces and the advanced guard of the human race.

It is to historical situations like those which are furnished by the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes that the maxim applies from the ancient scriptures, “Ye shall teach them your sons.” What is wanted in our common schools is not dogma, but history; and in history, by preference, modern history. The story of the Armada, for example, will do as much good, from some points of view, as the story of the Exodus; that is, if we really wish to keep England from being unmade as France is being unmade, and as Spain has been.

The story of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the attendant persecutions could be told in many of the larger schools with illustrations from the names of the very scholars present; there is hardly a famous town in England that had not until recent times its congregation of French refugees, speaking their own language, maintaining their own reformed worship, and only slowly dissolving by intermarriage and social and commercial intercourse in the environment that English Protestantism had

supplied them ; and it ought to be possible to point out how much the nation has gained in virility and in intelligence by the elements that it absorbed.

The Huguenot families to whom we have drawn special attention belong to the second French exodus—that, viz., which follows the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This fateful decree was published on the 22nd of October 1685, and it was, as Mr. Smiles says in his “Huguenots in England and Ireland,” the death-knell of the Huguenots. For consider what it involved : we will give a brief summary from Mr. Smiles’ work, which ought to be in the hands of all our young people.

It involved the demolition of all the remaining Protestant *temples* throughout France, and the entire proscription of the Protestant religion ; the prohibition of even private worship, under penalty of confiscation of body and property ; the banishment of all Protestant pastors from France within fifteen days ; the closing of all Protestant schools ; the prohibition of parents to instruct their children in the Protestant faith ; the injunction, under a penalty of five hundred livres in each case, to have their children baptized by the parish priest, and brought up in the Roman Catholic religion ; the confiscation of the property and goods of all Protestant refugees who failed to return to France within four months ; the penalty of the *galleys for life* to all men, and of *imprisonment for life* to all women,

detected in the act of attempting to escape from France.

Amongst those who succeeded in escaping from the persecution which was revived by the Revocation of the Edict of Toleration were five members of the noble family of De la Cherois, three brothers and two sisters, named respectively Daniel, Nicholas, Bourjonval, Judith, and Louise. Their father had been a captain in the French army, and the two youngest sons were also in the service. When the storm broke they crossed the frontier, and exchanged their commissions for service under William of Orange. The elder brother was not a soldier by profession, but he also followed his younger brothers, and having made his escape entered the Dutch army. The two sisters disguised themselves and escaped into Flanders on horseback, travelling only by night, and hiding themselves in the woods in the daytime. In this way all five of the brothers and sisters found either service or sanctuary, first in the Low Countries and eventually in the north of Ireland, and from them spring the Ulster family of De la Cherois.

Nicholas and Bourjonval distinguished themselves at the Battle of the Boyne, and Bourjonval was killed shortly after at the siege of Dungannon. Nicholas and his elder brother Daniel both married into the exiled family of Crommelin (to whom we shall presently refer), and through Nicholas

the family of De la Cherois is perpetuated to the present time. The two sisters do not appear to have ever married. It is related of Judith that she lived to the advanced age of 113; she never succeeded in learning the English language (apparently because people laughed at her accent), but she preserved her faculties so keen to the last that it is recorded of her that a few days before her death she taught a child to say the Lord's Prayer, I suppose in the French language.¹ When the two sisters left Holland for Ireland, they brought with them a certificate of church membership from the Walloon Church at Leyden, which incidentally tells something of their wanderings. It is dated July 5, 1693, and is signed by two pastors and three elders (*anciens*) of the Church at Leyden. The certificate states that "Mesdemoiselles Judith and Louise de la Cherois, natives of the town of Ham in Picardy, after having given up their all in France for the sake of the Church, and having spent some years at Bois-le-Duc, from whence they brought a favourable certificate, retired to Leyden, where they have resided these four years, during which period they have conducted them-

¹ For the history of the family I refer chiefly to Agnew's "French Protestant Exiles" and to extracts which it contains from the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, and from the family records. Summaries of these investigations may be found, in a popular form, in Smiles' "Huguenots." There is an important article in the Dictionary of National Biography for both De la Cherois and Crommelin.

selves in a most Christian and edifying manner, giving proof of their piety and zeal by assiduously frequenting our sacred assemblies, participating in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on all the occasions of its celebration, and exhibiting on all occasions such wisdom, humility, and modesty as have won for them the esteem of every one.

It appears that this letter of commendation (which to me has quite an apostolic flavour) was to be presented to the newly formed French Church at Lisburn; and the dates show that they must have moved down to Leyden in 1689, evidently with the prospect of following their brothers to English or Irish soil when the way should open. This is the very year in which William the Third landed in Ireland, and the year of the historic Battle of the Boyne.

There are some features in the Battle of the Boyne that are peculiar to itself, or at all events are rarely found in great wars. I refer especially to the number of nationalities that were represented in the conflict; it was almost an international battle—not a battle between English and Irish, nor between an Anglo-Dutch army and an Irish-French army. What is called the English army was made up of Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Germans, Swiss, English, and Huguenots; what was on the other side was mainly an alliance of French and Irish. The battle is cosmopolitan enough—almost as representative as

a parliament of civilised men could have been in those days. The divided nation in the muster is the French, who are the main factor in the Southern army, and are represented by three crack regiments of Huguenot foot and one of Huguenot horse in the Northern army. Thus France appears at the Battle of the Boyne, divided and self-destroying, with her persecuting section differentiated as clearly from the persecuted as was proper for such a day of judgment. Nor was there wanting a significant emblem of the cause that underlay the gathering of so many clans to the field; the Catholic army had decorated itself for the day in a badge borrowed from St. Bartholomew's day. Persons who know little of the story of that massacre may remember a famous picture in which a woman is trying to protect her Protestant lover by pinning to his arm a white scarf, the emblem by which the Catholic assassins were to recognise one another in the darkness of that bloody night; along with that white scarf went a white cross, and this white cross was selected as the badge of the Southern army at the Battle of the Boyne. As Smiles puts it, "The Huguenot regiments saw before them the flags of Louis XIV. and James II. waving together—the army of the king who had banished them from country, home, and family—making common cause with the persecutor of the English Protestants; and when it became known amongst them that every soldier in the opposing force bore the same badge—

the white cross in their hats—which distinguished the assassins of their forefathers on the night of St. Bartholomew, they burned to meet them in battle.”

Such, no doubt, was the warlike feeling also of the brothers of the family De la Cherois ; for them it must have been true that, when in the service of conscience and in the defence of faith patriotism becomes an extinct flame, the light in the conscience burns the clearer, and the glow in the faith is the hotter, on account of the lesser light eclipsed and the fainter flame extinct. If indeed it is right to call them unpatriotic simply for fighting against the army of official France ; the real unpatriotism lies with those who had made them aliens from their own commonwealth for conscience' sake.

And now from the war-path let us turn to the way of peace, from the warlike De la Cherois to the peaceful Crommelin. Hardly had the war-drum ceased to throb before that wise statesman William III. began to cast about to find the means of settling the disturbed country and of restoring outward prosperity. The refugees who formed so large an element in his army had to be placed in localities where they could practise their ordinary vocations, and to which they could gather the remaining members of their families who had escaped from French soil to places of safety. Many proposed to settle and carry on their arts and crafts in Ireland. It was a situation that required capital on the one hand and business

ability on the other. And William found them both in a refugee named Louis Crommelin, whom I have little doubt he met in Amsterdam, where he was engaged in banking with his brothers, and with whom he may very well have had financial dealings on his own account. The Crommelins had escaped from Picardy, precisely as the family of De la Cherois had done. They were the great linen-weavers of the province, and the family had been engaged in this business for some four centuries. At the time of the Revocation the family was composed of four brothers and two sisters, the eldest of the brothers being Samuel Louis Crommelin, or, as he is more generally known, Louis Crommelin. Those writers who are accustomed to weigh men by right counterpoises, and who estimate worth rather than the show of worth, call him Crommelin the Great. What the north of Ireland is to-day, in industry, in wealth, and in advancing civilisation, is largely due to Louis Crommelin.

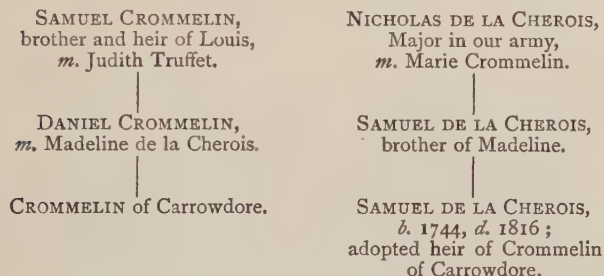
At the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Crommelin and his brothers were in peculiar difficulties ; their father had left them £10,000 apiece, but that is hardly the material to make martyrs or exiles out of. Moreover they were employers as well as capitalists ; to run away would mean the destruction of their works as well as the confiscation of their properties. On every account they were under a severe pinch. Conscience might say, Budge,

but other powers of the mind would reverse the advice and say, Keep still. Crommelin seems to have tried to patch up a peace with his persecutors. It is said that he submitted to the Roman Church in 1683, when the storm was just beginning to gather. He certainly had not left the country at that time, for his only son, who came with him to Ireland, was born in St. Quentin in 1683; and I suspect, though it is a mere guess, that what is meant by saying that he reconciled himself to the Church in that year is that he allowed his son to be baptized according to the Roman rite. He might easily do this without unduly committing himself; but whatever was the nature of the truce it did not last long. Crommelin was recognised to be a Protestant, and fled with his brothers to Holland, and with their free capital they became bankers in Amsterdam, while their estates were confiscated and their factories wrecked. The Roman Church had thus persuaded the French executive to expel a great man, and to annihilate a great industry. William of Orange transplanted them both into the north of Ireland. Acts were passed in the British Legislature for encouraging in Ireland the growth of flax and the manufacture of linen. Crommelin was in 1698 invited over from Amsterdam, and put at the head of the movement, to which he advanced the £10,000 of his personal fortune at an interest of 8 per cent. from the government. Lisburn in the county of Antrim became the

centre of the new industry, and from this centre it spread to many places in the north and east of Ireland, the Picardy weavers being the backbone of the movement on the side of labour, as the Crommelin fortune was on the side of capital. It is said that a thousand looms were imported from Holland, as well as spinning-wheels, and that a premium of £5 was paid by Crommelin and his brothers for every loom that was successfully worked. Mechanical improvements were devised in the process of manufacture, and in 1705 Crommelin published a book entitled an "Essay towards the Improving of the Hempen and Flaxen Manufactures of the Kingdom of Ireland." So successful was the whole enterprise that he received in 1707 the public thanks of the Irish Parliament for what he had done for the country, one more illustration of the maxim that "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." Much more might be said with regard to this best of all invasions that Ireland has ever suffered, the invasion of the Huguenot exiles, and their wise leader. Their graves in the churchyard at Lisburn (I had almost called it New St. Quentin) should be amongst the most honoured of Irish monuments.

I have now shown the origin of the family of De la Cherois-Crommelin, from which came Mr. Crossley's maternal grandmother. The sister of Louis, named Marie Crommelin, married Nicholas

De la Cherois, which is the first link between the two families of exiles. Some idea of the inter-relation of the two families may be had from the following fragment of genealogy which shows how the male line of Crommelin became extinct, and how their heirs were found in the other family :—



And if I am right in my genealogical tree, this Samuel de la Cherois is the grandfather of Elizabeth Crommelin, whose daughter, Elizabeth Helen [Irwin] was married in 1837 to Major Crossley.

In making these investigations we may seem to some to have wandered rather far from our subject, and to have deserted biography for ancient history. But I do not think this is really the case; there is a family connection between the brothers who in the end of the nineteenth century established one of the greatest industries in Manchester, and the brothers who created the linen industries of Ulster at the beginning of the eighteenth century. As we shall see later on, the Crossleys came very near to making machines for the scutching

of flax instead of gas-engines. More than that, there are individual traits of goodness and of greatness in the Crossley ancestry on both sides, which find striking parallels in his own character and in the other members of the family; if his business capacity and his brother's came from anywhere, it may be reasonably deduced either from Major Crossley or from the old Crommelin stock; in the latter also we find the source of Frank Crossley's mechanical and engineering skill, just as on the other side of the house we find the explanation of his artistic skill.

The times in which we live are times in which we are taught, as never before, to look to the rocks from which we are hewn and to the pits from which we are digged. The only question is one as to how far we should go down in the strata, and whether we should explore the mine at deep levels. There is another consideration which may help us to see that the Huguenot traits in the ancestry were bound to count in the descent, and that is, that troublous times produce an extraordinary influence on the heredity. Those who live in them impassion their descendants in a way that cannot be over-estimated, but may easily be thought too lightly of. A man who succeeds in the struggle for existence when it is thus acute will be a factor in the determining of heredity as intense as the struggle to exist is itself keen. His way of living

will be handed on to his descendants as the way to live. The industries and arts of the future will be Huguenot industries, and the conscience of the community Huguenot consciences. A man who sacrifices home and fatherland, wealth and friendship, for the sake of religious conviction, desires to see those convictions reappear in his descendants. And they do reappear in all kinds of peculiar forms. A biological study should be made of the influence of times of religious persecution.

I shall illustrate this best by an extract from a work of a famous Huguenot refugee, Graverol of Nismes, who published in London a history of his native place, which he dedicated to his co-refugees from the same city. Towards the close of his book Graverol writes:¹—

“We, who are in a country so remote from our own only for the sake of God’s Word and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, let us study to render our confession and our faith glorious by discreet and modest conduct, by an exemplary life, and by entire devotion to the service of God. *Let us ever bear in mind that we are the sons and the fathers of martyrs. Let us never forget this glory, but strive to transmit it to our posterity.*”

And they did strive to transmit their glory ; the method which the intellect suggested to them was that of resisting absorption in the communities

¹ Quoted in Smiles, p. 251.

amongst whom they were in exile, the maintenance of a distinct language, the use of an isolated worship, and the like. All these expedients broke down, the language became unknown, and the services in an unknown tongue had to be given up, but the underlying principle did not break down. While the understanding was unfruitful, though striving to transmit to posterity the blessings realised in fidelity to conscience and to God, the unconscious laws of Nature were co-operating more surely to the same end; Huguenot virtues were being securely perpetuated in people who had no letters of commendation from French Churches, and French grace and French valour lived again and again in men who did not know that they were anything but average Englishmen or Irishmen.

The Sepher Toldoth which we have been trying to reconstruct tells us many things with regard to our beloved friend that we should not otherwise have noticed. I have thought it necessary to allude to some of them. His military ancestry required especial attention, for it would perhaps have escaped notice if it had not been for the genealogy; looking in that book, we found it, and have tried to allow for it in our estimate of his character; there is nothing inconsistent in this with the fact that in later life Frank Crossley drew nearer to the Society of Friends than to any other religious body. Do I hear the devil's advocate suggesting

to the court that sanctity which is inherited should be discounted to the very extent to which it may be known or suspected to be inherited? I beg my learned brother's pardon, but do I understand him to be applying the rule that when we find out how God does anything, we are relieved from the obligation of believing that He did it?



ANAGOLA, MR. CROSSLEY'S IRISH HOME,

From a sketch made by himself in 1871.

CHAPTER II

OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN IRELAND AND ELSEWHERE

FRANCIS WILLIAM CROSSLEY was born in November 1839, and his father died before his eldest son had attained the age of seven years. His widow, finding the home at Glenburn¹ too large and too expensive for her to keep up, returned to her father's home at Mount Irwin, bringing all her children with her. Here they remained a year or two, and then, on the death of her own father, she joined her four unmarried sisters at Anagola, a pretty country place which had been left them by him. A reference to the table of genealogy will show that of Mrs. Irwin's twelve children ten reached maturity, half of them men and half women. As we are not writing a history of the family, except in so far as the individual members were closely thrown against the life of Francis Crossley, there is no need to follow the fortunes of the male members of the family very far. A few words will suffice. The eldest son William succeeded his father at Mount

¹ Glenburn is the name of Major Crossley's estate at Dunmurry, near Lisburn; the grounds were both large and beautiful. A drive of nearly a mile ran through from gate to gate along a deeply wooded glen, and there was a lake near the house. After Major Crossley's death, the estate was partly broken up, and many of its ancient charms disappeared.



GLENBURN, CO. ANTRIM

THE HOME OF MAJOR CROSSLEY

Irwin ; the second, Crommelin,¹ had a country place near Lisburn, named Newgrove, and married a Miss Raine, the daughter of an Oxfordshire clergyman. The third, Hastings, went into business in Liverpool ; the fourth, Arthur, became a clergyman of the Irish Church, and died in his first curacy from malignant fever, contracted while visiting a parishioner ; he is remembered as a good, gentle, loveable fellow. The youngest, Henry, entered the medical service of the Indian army, and went through the Mutiny with his regiment. On returning home he purchased from his brother's heirs their interest in Mount Irwin, and settled there about 1864 with his wife and his two sons.

Frank Crossley is remembered as a high-spirited and passionate boy, very affectionate, but somewhat hard to control. Within two years of his father's death, his mother had to take strong measures with him, and sought for him the necessary discipline of life in a school at Castletown, in the Isle of Man, in which town a friend of Mrs. Crossley resided, who took the lad to live in her own house. Mrs. Crossley appears to have been influenced in this somewhat Spartan treatment by the advice of a neighbour, with a local reputation for wisdom, who had a son at the same school. Mrs. Crossley was glad of help in the

¹ He seems to have inherited the mechanical and engineering tastes of the family ; he had a scheme for draining and reclaiming Lough Neagh, which does not appear, if one may judge by the maps, to have come to much.

matter of schools, and easily acquiesced in the advice, although it involved the sending of the boy two sea-passages every time he went to school, viz. Belfast to Liverpool, and Liverpool to the Isle of Man ; and finally landed him in a great desert of loneliness, concerning which we can only piously reflect that God turns evil somehow into good, and wonder at the way in which He does it. The poor little fellow appears to have only had a holiday (I mean a real good home-holiday) once in the year, and he must have thoroughly detested his lot, for he used to plead much to be taken away. Fortunately it only lasted for two or three years ; by that time the wise neighbour had moved his son to a school at Tarvin Hall in Cheshire, and Mrs. Crossley did the same. Some other change of intellectual treatment followed in the shape of a third school ; and finally he and his brothers were for a few years at the Royal School in Dungannon, county Tyrone, where he probably learnt what little he ever acquired in the shape of school learning. It is unfortunate that he was not sent there at first, for at that time the school was in the hands of the Rev. F. H. Ringwood, an excellent classic, who greatly impressed the boys that came under his sway.¹

¹ He edited Theocritus, and is mentioned with honour by Orelli, in his edition of Horace, as the author of a successful emendation of the text ; *doctissimus Ringwoodius* he is called by Orelli, and scholars have reached the high-water mark of their ambition when they have made an emendation which some one else approves, or when some one bestows on them the title of *doctissimus*, *vir clarissimus*, and the like.

But by the time Frank Crossley had got where any learning was to be had, he had acquired all that he meant to imbibe ; and he extracted a promise from his mother that he should leave school at sixteen, and religiously kept her to her word. Frank's mother was tender and indulgent, but not of a very strong will ; indulgent she must have been, for Mrs. Frank Crossley reports that she thought even her daughters-in-law perfect ! But it must be remembered in her favour that Frank was a headstrong and wilful boy, who regarded his mother and all his aunts as subordinates in his own regiment. And so he left school, having made no record except the athletic one ; he was bright and capable, but his excellence at this time was in field-sports. And his development in this line continued for many years, and made him renowned in the glories of the rod and gun. Even when he was only eight or nine years old, he used to ride about alone and gallop his pony so recklessly that an old servant who lived in a cottage on the roadside used to run out and cry, "Master Frank, Master Frank, if ye don't go slower, I'll tell your mother on ye," a threat which does not seem to contain much of a sting to a high-spirited lad.

It is strange to those who have only known him in later life, occupied in the management of a great industry, engaged in religious work amongst the masses, or toiling at the solution of philanthropic

problems, with little or no time for necessary recreation and exercise, to think of him as he was in these days of early manhood, as a cricketer and skater, or as a keen sportsman watching through the small hours of the night for wild duck, or spending the daytime in the shooting of the snipe.¹ But if he did well as a sportsman in these early days, whereof his renown is great amongst his brethren, his fame was greater when he forsook amusements which he had come to regard as cruel, and became turned into a fisher of men, or as St. Luke expresses it, a catcher of live game. Perhaps the earlier craft and skill may have influenced the later ; he may have learnt, for instance, not to aim so high as to send the shot over people's heads, nor so low as to miss their hearts, and he certainly acquired to perfection the lesson which a successful Scotch boy with a string of fish once taught an unsuccessful though splendidly equipped angler, of just keeping himself "oot o' sicht." Those who had the privilege of working with him in the spiritual fishing and hunting will understand what I mean by calling him a "keen sportsman"; and if it should be thought irreverent in such connection to speak of him as "a crack shot," we may say the same

¹ Later on, when living at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he trained for a boat-race, and distinguished himself like a regular Tyne-sider. Thus he came near to attaining that peculiar form of "glorying in the flesh" which Goldsmith depicts in the "Vicar of Wakefield," when he explains the reason why Mr. Burchell could not for all his nimbleness catch the runaway postillion, because the latter had beaten "Pinwire of Newcastle."

thing under the thin disguise of Scripture language, for "from the blood of the slain and from the fat of the mighty, his bow turned not back, neither did his sword return empty."¹ If he could not exactly say with the early Quaker, Thomas Camm, that "we hit some every time we shoot, for our bow abides in strength," he was careful to write in his note-book against the heads of an unfruitful address the words, "A failure ; *no one hit.*"

After leaving school his mother had before her the problem of what to do with him. He had always a marked taste for mechanics, and when asked what he was going to be, would always say "an engineer." But Mrs. Crossley did not see how this taste was to be gratified, and a refuge was sought

¹ After writing the foregoing I found that my conjecture as to the sense which Mr. Crossley had of being a real sportsman in his religious work was exactly confirmed by his own language in an address which he once gave at Hugh Price Hughes' West-End Mission. His language is as follows :—

"How are we to attract the most people into this earthly and yet heavenly paradise? That is a much-vexed question. What, for example, are legitimate means? or *what is legitimate bait?* I confess I am somewhat familiar with the flies and worms in use among fishers of men. . . . I believe I only know one safe kind. We must be the bait ourselves and be willing to be gobbled up. We must not come decked with gold or costly array . . . if we accept service in the ranks of the lowly-hearted Master. . . . Reality first and last. If this is forgotten people will turn on us and say, properly enough, that they would rather be real and in hell than humbugs and in heaven.

"But this, thank God, is not the alternative. As a matter of fact the humbugs will all be in hell and the real folks in heaven. Let us be real *i.e.* really like the Master, filled with His love and His self-sacrifice, and we shall soon prove a very catching lot. *No other bait will be wanted if the Spirit of Jesus is seen in His followers.*"

for him in the militia. The Tyrone Fusiliers was the regiment of which he was an officer for a year or so ; it was commanded by their friend and neighbour Sir James Stronge of Tynan Abbey.

From 1856 to 1858 Mrs. Crossley with her sister Alicia was in Bonn on the Rhine, for the education of the other three children. Frank joined them from his regiment in 1857, and lived with them at their hotel, occupying himself chiefly in the making of amateur portraits (with a camera obscura), and in learning German with his sister Emmeline, who was taking lessons from a master.

The stay in Bonn was not a very long one, though, as we shall see, the residence of the family there was fraught with influence on his future life. He left Germany, and he left the Tyrone Fusiliers, for, just at this time, when he was about eighteen years of age, he was admitted to the engineering works of Sir Robert Stephenson at Newcastle, and began his training as a mechanical engineer. The position had been obtained for him through the influence of Sir Emerson Tennent, who was one of his father's oldest friends. Frank had at last found congenial work, and rapidly justified the boyish prediction which he had made as to his life occupation. He liked the work, for which he showed great quickness and aptitude, and yet at first he found the change in his manner of life hard to bear. He had to exchange the company of the officers of the

Tyrone Fusiliers for that of mechanics, and the uniform of his regiment for a fustian dress ; he had to go to his work in all weathers, and to be at his post at 6 A.M., while when his work was done for the day he had no prospect before him but that of a solitary evening in his lodgings. Sometimes he would occupy his time in his room with the construction of mechanical models, engines, &c. ; at other times he frequented the theatre. He could not afford to pay for admission, but it happened that a pattern-maker who worked next bench to him at Stephenson's was door-keeper at night at the theatre, and did not think it wrong to admit his apprentice free, if there was room, knowing he could not pay. He went in this way very frequently. Not very long after, when he had become a changed character, his conscience brought up this conduct, and making a calculation of possible fees that he might have paid for admission, he sent the theatre company no less than £60 in compensation. They tried to get him to give the door-keeper's name, but he would not disclose it.

There can be no doubt that during these years he was unutterably lonely. It was not exactly that he had no friends, for there were many of his fellow-engineers with whom he was on very amicable terms ; nor was it that he had no sports nor amusements, for, as we have pointed out, he probably went up to his lawful measure in the one,

and beyond it in the other. It is not difficult to see that through these experiences of being "alone on a wide, wide sea," he was being prepared to make the acquaintance of his Pilot, or at least to suspect that another hand than his own was on the helm.

Between the ages of nineteen and twenty the discipline through which he was passing became more severe; a dangerous sickness was superadded to his continual loneliness. He had been visiting at home one Christmas-time, and on returning to Newcastle had crossed the Irish Channel in very rough weather, and had gone on by train without stopping to dry or change his wet clothes. The result was what might have been expected. In a few days he was laid up in his lodgings with congestion of the lungs. A pitiful sentence in one of his letters home to the effect that "it was horrid to be ill with no one to care for you" brought his loving mother from Ireland post haste, and it was well that she came, for his state was extremely critical, and it took all her tender care and watchfulness to pull him through. The severe illness was followed by a slow recovery; for three months he was in Bath under the care of his mother, his aunt Fanny, and his sister Emmeline, sharing with the latter her painting lessons, and becoming every day to all appearance less of an engineer and more of an artist. If he had only enjoyed more leisure, he would

certainly have gained distinction in this line. He produced some lovely little paintings both in colour and in sepia, which his friends used playfully to call "Early Crossleys."

After leaving Sir Robert Stephenson's works, where he completed his four years of training, he removed to Liverpool, having obtained work in the drawing office of Messrs. Fawcett, Preston, & Co. The change was probably a welcome one. It brought him into new surroundings, aroused new interests, and it was nearer home. It is at this time of his life that the great inward change occurred, which was the key to all his future usefulness. Up to this time he had not been, in the scriptural and evangelical sense, a Christian; but now, if we were to make a separate chapter-summary or write a special headline to his life-story, we should have to say in mystical language, which the Epistle to the Galatians will explain, "The time draws near the birth of Christ."¹

Although his ancestry on both sides was composed of persons, for the most part, really and deeply religious, and although the home environment had been surcharged with gracious influences, he had never taken those definite steps of repentance and faith which are the preliminary to the experimental knowledge of the love of God in Christ, and without which one has not the right, except

¹ Cf. Galatians i. 16, iv. 19.

in an artificial and non-biblical sense, to the Christian name.

The opening lines of Tennyson's "Holy Grail" represent to us Percival, the monk and quondam knight of the Round Table, questioned by the aged Ambrose as to what set him on the Quest after the Holy Thing—

" 'Was it earthly passion crost?'
'Nay!' said the knight, 'for no such passion mine;
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries
And earthly heats.' "

After Percival has thus briefly sketched his own spiritual awakening, he goes on to tell of the illumination which his sister obtained, of whom it is said that

"Never maiden glowed,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
*Which being rudely blunted, glanced and shot
Only to holy things.*"

Frank Crossley's experience was that of Percival's sister, not of Percival. We are permitted to allude to the circumstance of this rude blunting, so far as is necessary to the explanation of the subsequent spiritual phenomena. When living at Bonn on the Rhine, his sister made the acquaintance of a young lady, with whom she contracted a close friendship, and with whom she carried on for some time a steady correspondence. This lady and her brother came

to visit the Crossleys at Anagola, and Frank joined them for his summer holiday. She was so fascinating, graceful, and winning, that Miss Emmeline was immensely proud of her friend, who took more hearts than her brother's by storm. She had that fatal, mysterious gift of charm which one so seldom meets, and her great delight and ambition was to use her gift to make conquests. For a long time neither Miss Crossley nor her brother understood the young lady's tactics ; but when she had skilfully sought and won Frank's passionate love, she told him calmly that she would never think of being engaged to him, which not unnaturally provoked the sisterly wrath of Miss Crossley, and put an end to the intimacy. Their close correspondence was almost entirely dropped, and for many years the two friends lost sight of one another entirely.

Meanwhile Frank, who had been the real victim, suffered acutely. The desolation which was super-added to his lifelong experience of lonely living had, however, one good effect. He began to pray, and the good angels began to look down lovingly, and whisper to one another, "Behold, he prayeth." Through the praying there came the believing, and in a little while he found his Saviour, and became an altogether changed man. At such times good sisters are counted in with good angels ; and when Frank's sister Emmeline, who corresponded with him regularly, heard from her brother of the change

which had taken place, she could scarcely believe it for joy. "You will all see the difference," wrote Frank, "when I come home at Christmas;" and they did see the difference. When he came he was outspoken, and eager to own his discipleship. So much that was new appeared in his character; so much that was old was done away. From this time his quick and passionate temper was so subdued that he could bear with sweetness and patience provocations and annoyances that would in former days have started a volcano of hasty words. (Who would have suspected, that in later days observed the vine-clad fields of his speech, that they had been beforetime so prone to be set on fire of hell?) There could be no doubt that something had really happened to him; his soul had "put on life and felt for light." He was now in a position to enjoy Christian fellowship with his own family, and with the wider Christian circle of the household. The brothers and sister will remember many long talks on religious matters that they used to have over his bedroom fire, carried on into the small hours, or until Mrs. Crossley would appear in night-cap and dressing-gown and disperse the little parliament. But the whole household appears to have been saturated with religious interest, and alive with religious influence. Maria, the eldest of the aunts, was the natural leader of the family in such matters, and there is probably none of the family that in-

fluenced Frank's early religious life as she did. In her early girlhood she had been brought under the influence of a devoted clergyman, a Mr. Mauleverer, the incumbent of Middletown Church, which is the nearest to Anagola. It was not her own parish church, for she was then in Tynan parish; but Maria persisted in attending this church, and in so doing brought upon herself the hostility of her own rector, a hard and dictatorial formalist, intolerant of all forms of enthusiasm or dissent. When Mr. Mauleverer¹ died, there happened to be no "like-minded" clergyman within easy reach; a mere clerical nonentity came to Middletown, and, as a natural consequence, the idea of the Church became associated in the minds of many of the Crossley family with formalism, and they acquired a bias in favour of any other form of evangelical Christianity that had blood or life in it. Aunt Maria was for the later part of her life a confirmed invalid, and for the most part confined to her room. She had been a close friend of Major Crossley, and was, in fact, the means of his conversion; she was also Frank's god-mother, and a second mother to all of the children. In the midst of great suffering she forgot herself in the interests of the family; the letters of the "boys" used to be brought and read at her bedside, while

¹ By the way, is not this also the name of a Huguenot family, and may not one element of the attraction between the families lie in this direction?

every plan was talked over and discussed with her. In the silent hours she kept watch, like a true shepherdess of Israel, over her flock by night. Her life, though limited outwardly by much pain and weakness, appears to have been wholly given to God. Her sick-room was the centre of the house, and her influence was felt by all.

As for the other sisters, though they seem to have been individually as unlike as it was possible to be, they were alike in faith and in usefulness. Aunt Fanny did twice as much amongst the poor of the district as any clergyman, and was greatly beloved. Aunt Harriette is remembered in the family circle as a charming hostess, bright and genial and witty ; her gifts of conversation and powers of entertainment (which, indeed, all the sisters shared in some degree) were the natural result of their strain of French blood, and go back, along with their musical talents and other peculiarities that may be noted, to their grandmother Crommelin.

The whole family were affected by a wave of evangelical life which passed over northern Ireland in those days. Amongst other religious movements, the Plymouth Brethren were becoming increasingly active. Aunt Maria and the other sisters sympathised in many ways with the movement, and organised periodical meetings in the neighbouring village, which were attended alike by

the local Church people (called "Protestants" in that district) and by the Presbyterians. Aunt Maria became a great student of Prophecy, and thought the Second Coming of the Lord to be so near at hand that she hoped to live to see it, in common with many another ardent soul of those days. When, however, it became clear that she was to meet the Lord on another road, and that in another sense than she expected, He was to come again and receive her to Himself, she was absolutely satisfied with the new solution of the problem of going hence, and made a blessed end. The two eldest sisters, Maria and Harriette, died in 1870, within a few weeks of each other; in 1891 Frank's mother and the youngest sister Alicia passed away; and in 1894, to the unspeakable grief of all, Aunt Fanny was taken, and the last pillar of the old home collapsed. But in the case of each of the sisters, their last hours were full of peace, brightness, and courage unsurpassed, even as their lives had been.

It need hardly be said that Frank Crossley was of the greatest comfort in the family at these leave-takings. He came all the way from Manchester to Anagola three times in less than three weeks to be with his mother in her last hours; and when in 1894 his Aunt Fanny lay for months at the Gates of the City, he came to her again and again to cheer and comfort her, and to share the joys of

that land of Beulah into which she entered, as a pilgrim in sight of the City where she was going, and where, doubtless, she met some of the inhabitants thereof;¹ "for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walk, because it was upon the borders of heaven."

It need hardly be repeated that this beautiful group of sisters, and the religious life that they represented, made a great impression upon their nephews and niece. Frank, in particular, became for a while a student of prophecy, and would sometimes take part in the unconventional and irregular religious meetings.

There lies before me a lecture on Prophecy, which he delivered in December 1868 at Trim, County Meath. I am not quite sure, but I suspect this to be his first appearance in print as a religious teacher.²

The line of argument of the lecture is not very different from that which is commonly taken by those

¹ She often spoke of the presence of her departed sisters with her, and was surprised that others did not know them to be in the room. For her, as later for her beloved nephew, the traditional "dark valley" was either non-existent or long past. "How can any one call it a dark valley?" she said; "it is all light and love," and she stretched her worn hands towards the Invisible Friend whom she best loved, and whispered, "I could *run* to meet Him."

² It is entitled as follows: "A Lecture on Prophecy, delivered in December 1868, by Frank W. Crossley. 'When these things BEGIN to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for YOUR redemption draweth nigh.' Manchester: Printed at the 'Main' Printing Offices, 37 Oxford Street, by J. G. Kershaw & Co."

He wrote also about this time a tract called "The Ten Virgins."

who are occupied with prophetic exposition ; but the presentation of the argument is very different from that of the conventional Plymouth-Brethren tract. Many of the sentences are strong and luminous. He distinguishes carefully between prophecy and unfulfilled prophecy. "A prophecy means, in its wide sense, any inspired or authoritative declaration, *whether relating to the past, present, or future.*" Unfulfilled prophecies are said to belong to the future ; "it was worth God's while to write them for us. Is it not worth our while to study them?" The unfulfilled prophecies after Christ's death are shown to be parallel to those before His birth. "The coming of the Messiah was the refrain of every Jewish prophet's song, and not less the central image in every glowing picture of the future the Apostles of Christ have painted. *It is the very flesh of the Bible : remove it, and a skeleton is left.*" "I for my part am more astonished at Christ's protracted absence than at the thought of His appearing. I choose, also, what seems to me to be the lesser wonder of the two, and say the difficulty of believing He will absent Himself much longer is to me far greater than that He will shortly reappear."

The writer goes on to discuss the literal fulfilment of the prophecies, the return of the Jews to Palestine, the rapture of the saints, and the millennial rest much in the same way as is usual in prophetic circles. Napoleon III. was the Beast, or the Anti-

christ, I think the former ; how many Antichrists there have been, in a sense that St. John never contemplated !¹ Nor is it clear that he ever wholly abandoned these views, when there came upon him the great illumination which lasted all the rest of his days. To be quite exact, we think that for a time such questions were neglected in favour of a more subjective gospel, but it is pretty clear that he returned to the subject with an increasing interest in the very last years of his life, a time when "Antichrist was already in the world" to such a degree as to make students of prophecy even out of those who might otherwise feel little interest in such matters. But whatever may have been the reason for this revival of interest in the subject in the last years of his life, there can be no doubt that in his earlier years the subject was pressed on his attention by his aunts and by the Plymouth Brethren. From them, also, he learned to read his Bible, and to compare Scripture with Scripture. The good sisters do not seem ever to have actually cast in their lot with the Brethren, though sorely pressed to do so, as the custom is with that very proselytising order ; on the contrary, they remained loyal to the Irish Church, and perhaps found their reward in so doing in the increase of spiritual life which followed the Disestablishment ; their nephew, however, as we shall see,

¹ One of the leading doctors of this school, who is still busied with the propaganda, is reported to have buried nine Antichrists.

though remaining an ardent evangelical, adopted a broader intellectual statement of the Gospel, and attained to a deeper experience of its meaning, and, as we shall observe presently, before long he ceased to be a member of the Episcopal Church.



F. W. CROSSLEY
AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH FRANK CROSSLEY LEAVES LIVERPOOL FOR MANCHESTER, AND BECOMES A GREAT MECHANICAL ENGINEER ;
AND IN WHICH ALSO HE LEAVES THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
AND BECOMES A FREE CHURCHMAN

WE now pass on to indicate some of the changes that took place in Frank Crossley's outward and inward life about this time. It should be carefully kept in mind that at the time of which we are writing and for some years later he was a comparatively poor man, and often in straitened circumstances. When at the close of his engineering apprenticeship he began to look about for a business of his own, a part of the necessary capital had to be raised by a loan from his aunts. The arrangement which took him from Liverpool to Manchester, and which providentially landed him in his own diocese, and set him in his own episcopal palace in Ancoats, was on this wise. His uncle, Hastings Irwin, had been settled in business in Liverpool for many years. With the view of giving his nephew Frank an independent start, he arranged for him to purchase the business of a Mr. Dunlop of Manchester, a manufacturer of india-rubber machinery.

Shortly after this arrangement had been entered

into (about fifteen months, I think, was the exact time), Mr. Dunlop proposed to retire, and Mr. William Crossley joined his brother in the business, having completed a four years' course of training at Sir William Armstrong's Elswick works. They commenced work together on August 8, 1867. The business was in Great Marlborough Street, and the brothers lodged in Bowdon. Unfortunately, from a worldly point of view, they found they had purchased a declining business, laden with bad debts, at far too high a price. For some time they only handled sufficient business to keep their doors open, and at the end of a year or so Frank Crossley was known to declare that if increased orders did not come in next day they would have to close the doors.¹ No doubt there was an ethical compensation somewhere for these years of struggle. The mere fact of finding out that one has given more for a thing than it is worth has a moral use, and the power of sympathising with those who are in the thick of the struggle for existence was a thing which neither Frank Crossley nor his brother ever lost when they had once learned it. If witnesses were wanted on that point, the whole court would not be large enough for the witness-box. It would be crowded with those who could give evidence in very decided and concrete forms.

¹ The business, when Crossley Brothers took it over, was capable of employing about twenty men. The Crossley firm of to-day employs 1260.

The two brothers stuck manfully to their work. They reduced expenses. Frank dispensed with a draughtsman and made the drawings himself ; his brother William kept the books to save the cost of a clerk ; and their whole office-staff amounted to—a single boy. That boy has since risen to be the chief cashier of the Crossley firm !

At length, however, the clouds began to lift. The German patents of the Otto gas-engine were on the market for an enterprising English firm to take up ; and the two brothers saw their opportunity. They understood the value of the patents, and guessed the future that lay before the gas-engine, and were able to lay the foundation of that great business which has made their name one of world-wide reputation. Surely one of the things which most helped the two brothers through the dark days of their early partnership was the fact that they had prayerfully sought God's will in the matter : what is begun in prayer is commonly carried on in faith and hope. No sooner was their first deed of partnership signed than they kneeled in prayer as their first act of partnership, and, believing themselves to be rightly guided in what they had undertaken, besought of the Lord grace to carry on their business worthily.

Looking back over the story of their commercial life, Mr. William Crossley expresses the conviction (and if his brother were still here, he would doubt-

less say the same) that what seemed at the time to be to them misfortunes were the best things that could have happened, for the best experience is that which is learned in the school of adversity.

I can imagine some one asking whether these hard times were really pleasing to Frank Crossley, or whether they only represent a stage of discipline that he went through and endured, making in the process as few wry faces as was possible, consistently with his Christian profession. It is not very easy to find out exactly how the thing struck him, but the following note at the foot of a page in his copy of Erskine's "Spiritual Order" may throw light on it. Erskine has been commenting on the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," taking them in the sense that "the blessing is on those who know and keep their place in the divine hierarchy." On this Mr. Crossley boldly notes: "Luke says, *Blessed are ye poor*: pecuniary poverty creates dependence of another kind, but, like all bodily concerns, it has only one intention, to teach a spiritual lesson. Thus poverty *of any kind* places us in our proper relation to God, while riches of any kind, mind or money, tends to sever us from Him." St. Francis of Assisi might have said that.

A great part of the work which they did in the manufacturing of india-rubber machinery was done for the celebrated firm of Macintosh & Co. Their manager was Mr. A. B. Woodcock, who has long since passed away; a warm friendship sprung up

between him and the young Manchester engineers; and the confidence which he reposed in them opened up the way for the obtaining of a great deal of experience, and in the development of the rubber industry Frank Crossley's brilliant powers of design and mechanical skill were found to be of great service. To take a single instance, the system of manufacturing india-rubber thread was revolutionised through one of his inventions. Crossley's patent thread-lathe was adopted in every rubber manufactory in the country.

While they were working thus hard in the rubber machinery, another scheme took possession of their minds, which, although it never came to maturity, deserves special attention on account of its being an outcrop of heredity. Both the brothers set their hearts on the improving of the machinery for the scutching of flax, the chief industry of their native province; they made scores of experiments, and they took out patents based upon them. Nothing appears to have ever come of these experiments and patents, for, as we have said, prosperity came to them by another road. But it is worth while asking what influence suggested to them the forsaking of rubber for flax, and exchanging the improvement of one kind of machinery for the other. The answer lies in the table of genealogy; we have shown them to be the descendants of the famous Crommelins who brought the flax industry and the flax machinery

into Ireland from Picardy, and whose mechanical improvements in the manufacture of linen were so conspicuous. Viewed in this light, the firm of Crossley Brothers is seen to be only a survival and renaissance of the earlier house of Crommelin Brothers. Commercially and industrially as well as spiritually, the two brothers are Huguenots.

However, the future did not lie that way, and success was beckoning them down another road.

It was in 1869 that the atmospheric gas-engine came under their notice, and they made the acquaintance of the patentees. No one else seemed anxious to take the machine up. The Crossley brothers were slack in business, and no doubt felt like saying with Hotspur—

“Fie on this dull life, I want work !”

They thought the engine could be improved and developed, and they were right. In 1876 they were offered the Otto gas-engine by the same patentees, and with this engine their success soon became phenomenal.

The engine had been invented by a German, one Dr. Otto, whose name it commonly and for many years carried ; but Frank Crossley greatly improved the original designs, and succeeded in producing an engine which, as experts tell me, revolutionised the trade in small motors, and expelled the use of steam for all low horse-powers.

The success of the firm led to their removal

from Great Marlborough Street to their present great works at Openshaw, and in 1881 the business was made into a private limited company, which again gave place to a public company at the time of Frank Crossley's death. There is no doubt that Frank Crossley was gifted with extraordinary patience in working out engineering problems ; though there were sides on which his mechanical education was incomplete, he was one of the first draughtsmen in the country, and his artistic eye helped him greatly in the shapeliness of his productions. All who have experimented with gas-engines will realise the extreme difficulty of this kind of research, where the expected never happens, and the unexpected takes place at the most awkward time.

Moreover all such experiments, in their very nature costly, slow, and very trying to the patience, make great demands upon the person engaged in them. It is probable that both the taking out of the patents and, still more, the defence of them against encroachment contributed to wear Frank Crossley out before his time. He was the expert of the firm, and all the patents and the defence of them were his peculiar province. He had to defend many patent actions at law, a duty which he much disliked, and would, I think, have often evaded, allowing others to appropriate the results of Dr. Otto's and his own ingenuity, if the firm had not been bound by agreement with Dr. Otto to defend the rights which they

had purchased from him, and moreover the interests of others were involved with his own. Some of these fights were very heavy ; the case of *Otto v. Linford* was lost before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who slept during the arguments, but brilliantly retrieved, on an appeal, before the Master of the Rolls (then Lord-Justice Jessel) and his colleagues. The case of *Otto v. Steele* was seventeen days in court before Lord-Justice Chitty, the counsel on the *Otto* side being Sir R. Webster, and on the other side Mr. Fletcher Moulton.¹ Greatly as Frank Crossley disliked these legal tournaments, his acquaintance with the mechanical rights involved and his keen discrimination were seen to the best advantage in disputes which he carried on in the utmost fairness.

Such is, in brief, the story of the growth of the firm of Crossley Brothers. We have not alluded to its later fortunes, for the firm, which is now a public company instead of a private one, did not take its present form until after Frank Crossley's death ; although before his removal steps had been taken for its reconstruction, as they say, for family reasons, and with the view of enabling the elder brother to retire from the business.² It pleased God that he

¹ Although they won the action, it cost the Crossley firm £10,000, and they never got a penny out of their adversary, who simply failed. A similar barren conclusion had been the result of *Otto v. Linford*.

“Beshrew me from ever defending a patent !”

² Mr. William Crossley thinks it due to his memory, in view of the uncertainty of business, to state that Frank Crossley was not responsible for the final arrangements of the reconstruction, nor had he any idea of the value of his shares.

should die in harness, and it was the old harness that he died in.

During the years in which this great industrial development was going on, there was a corresponding intellectual development taking place, and an evolution of what we call conscience.

We have already drawn attention to the earlier years of his Christian life ; it will be agreed, I think, that there was great danger of his becoming insular and narrow, while at the same time the devoutness of his spirit might have disguised the limitation of his sympathies, and the want of scope in his outlook. During his first years as a believer, and right on into the time when he lived in lodgings with his brother at Bowdon, he read little except his Bible. It is just as often dangerous to be a man of one book as it is helpful. It might do very well for John Wesley, for he was a voracious reader of all literature, ancient and modern, up to the time when he resolved to be a man of one book ; and besides that, to his credit be it spoken, he never kept his resolution. But it was quite a different thing for Frank Crossley, whose school training had been defective, and who was naturally a man of very few books. No doubt, for a time, he suffered from too exclusive Bible-reading. But the requisite emancipation soon came ; and although he never became a man of many books, those that he did read were his in a degree that they were no other man's.

The books which seem to have influenced him most during his Christian life were Erskine of Linlathen's "Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel," together with the same writer's "Spiritual Order," and Upham's "Life of Madame Guyon." The first of these dispelled the mists (if one should not rather call them "foul and ugly vapours") with which the older Calvinism obscured the face of God, and the last became his handbook in the pathway of personal holiness. He read them, marked them (literally), analysed them, and digested them. These books represent two distinct phases of his life, an earlier and a later, which may be called after them his Erskine days and his Guyon days. Recognising in his own spirit what Erskine had taught him, he gave the name of the Scotch Saint to his third son; and I feel sure that if, in later life, there had been an increase to the family on the maiden side, he would have called her "Jeanne Marie de la Mothe."

His mind was quite Gladstonian in its power of concentration, and this peculiarity appears in his book-reading in a high degree. It often made him seem to be one-sided when he became really a man of a very wide angle of vision. To look at his well-worn and grey-margined copies of his favourite authors, you would think that he was annotating a gospel! Yet there was a freedom of criticism, too, that was often surprisingly acute.

And if he read Erskine most and oftenest, he did not neglect either Darwin or Gibbon. It is, perhaps, strange to those of the younger generation that the works of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen should have exercised so much influence upon him. The strangeness would disappear if they could get back into the rigour and severity of the older presentations of evangelical truth ; but if apology were necessary for yielding to the influence of Thomas Erskine, it is a sufficient apology that one of the greatest and most gifted minds of the century was caught in the toils of the same theological witchcraft.

"I am very glad," writes Arthur Hallam to his friend Tennyson, "that you have been reading Erskine. No books have done me so much good as his, and I always thought you would like them if they came in your way. His doctrine may not be the truth, but it may contain it still, and this is my own view of the case."

Frank Crossley was in the best of company, when he became a disciple of Erskine. And when in later years he began to speak freely on the Love of God in Christ, how wonderfully Erskine had helped him to the right point of view ! He would still use the Calvinistic terms, when they could be rightly used : "A supernatural desire after God and goodness," he would say, "is necessary ; but then *all good desires are supernatural* : do not suppose you have none ; on

the contrary *you are full of them*. Rebekah would never have gone to Canaan, if she had not heard of Isaac, *and you have heard of him*. That picture of Jesus that rises before the eyes of your soul—paint it with the tenderest face—and *then it won't be tender enough*. *God has given you the power to paint it*. God is very much what we make Him—*only we never make Him half good enough!*"¹ With thoughts and sayings like these, he would win men to Christ, by taking the *onus* of salvation off from a supposed unwilling or half-willing Creator, and laying it upon the unwilling or half-willing creature. How much he was indebted to Erskine for his soteriology, must I think be clear from such sentences as I have transcribed. The same thing appears in a remarkable letter of his to a friend, dated April 26, 1891, which shows how long-continued was the struggle before what he calls the "austere man" was finally chased out of his experience.

"RICHMOND HOUSE,
GREENFIELD ROAD, COLWYN BAY,
April 26, '91.

"MY DEAR —, . . . I have had such joy and rest in God, and it seems to have come through clear recognition of the most simple and obvious though habitually neglected fact. Habit! O habit, bad habit, devil-inspired habit, what evil may you

¹ Cf. Erskine, "Unconditional Freeness," p. 87: "Is it said that only the prayer of faith is heard? True; but every real prayer is a prayer of faith."

not work? What deformity may you not occasion? And this obvious 'temptation-habit' of which I am thinking, is the tendency to believe that God is 'an austere man,' not the very God of ideal love set forth in that incomparable Gospel. What *ought* God to be? How would we make Him if we could influence His character? An agony-enduring God, who 'looketh out' for *sinners* and eateth with them?—who loves them while dead in trespasses and sins?—who will spare nothing if only they may be made real saints, and truly have fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ? It seems to me a little difficult to improve on this conception. Nevertheless, the 'austere man' too often took the place of it in my mind, and, I fancy, in many another. I would not voluntarily admit the thought, but it came without leave and stuck.

"Now I have had such a blessing by clearly recognising this as the work of the Destroyer. I have found that to refuse it admission with emphasis, and deliver it back to him from whom it came, had an excellent effect. I proved 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' Mystery of mysteries that he should have the power of positively thinking in us, yet so I feel he has had. It is no mistake, as Huxley would have it, to talk as Jesus and the Jews of His day talked of Satanic possession. Man is a temple either for God or His opposite. It is for us to choose whom we will have to live within.

The secret of power is the recognition of the all-loving, me-loving, God. All-holy, and therefore never resting, cost Him what it may, till we are holy too. Away with the austere man! Enter and abide, thou striving Spirit of Love! It is a wonderful thing, that consciousness of the Indwelling Jesus. I only lately became positively conscious of this. *How*, I do not know, of course; but it was so, and He abides. When over us and in us there is One greater and holier, and more filled with love for us than our furthest thought, and we know it and walk in the light of it, there is power and sweet influence. 'He that believeth in Me, out of him shall flow rivers of living water.' It is true; it is true. Both of us—both you and I have known it. Blessed revelation! When the 'Austere' is seated above, as the Evil One makes us think, we walk in darkness, trying to be good, but 'can't be bothered' sometimes; but when He who is our life appears, the east-wind mist is rolled away, May is come and winter past. 'All things are possible.'

"It is a great mistake, I think, to talk of spiritual sight or sensibility as emotion. Emotion suggests to me some quivering of our nerves not at all connected with the spiritual, or not necessarily connected. How we become conscious of anything, be it physical or spiritual, we do not know. We know we are conscious, and there knowledge begins and ends. Now this being so, why depreciate the

spiritual intuitions by suggesting that they are physical emotions or emanations, as if the physical were intelligible and the spiritual were not? Neither is in the least intelligible. What we do know is that the true spiritual is the vehicle of all goodness, and the physical is neutral only. Spiritual knowledge, in the popular sense, is miraculous, because rare, but it is reliable in the highest degree, and proves its origin and value by its effect upon conduct. When we cast out the 'austere' idea and let the dear Saviour come in, there is, or has been in my case, a supernatural awakening of *praise*. I have so overflowed with praise as to know miracle in myself in a startling degree. I shall not forget the first experience of this kind, though (praise God) it has been repeated again and again. I was praying, and the sight of what God was so flooded my soul I could cry out nothing but praise! praise! praise! all the time I was on my knees. I used to wonder, when a boy, how the angels could take the bother to praise so continually, but that day I found out. It only needs to be shown the most distant glimpse of Him we have thought austere, to be lost in wonder, love, and praise. It is miraculous of course. It cannot be called up in this way by our effort. That is the proof of it. God sends it, and sent it to me quite unexpectedly. Nothing home-made about it. All of God. And so to return to my main idea and starting-point. Take it that all

‘austere’ idea of God—everything that would discourage us in relying absolutely upon Him—all that prevents or fetters unbounded confidence and love, *is from below*. God never discourages, the devil always does. The Holy Spirit is the Comforter, not the Discomforter—he [the Discomforter] is the devil. Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest through the blood of Jesus let us draw nigh, and God Himself in truth will draw nigh to us and dwell within us. We cannot think too well of God. We cannot trust Him too much. We cannot expect too much from Him. He is dishonoured by less than the biggest thought and the fullest trust.”

It need hardly be said that these changes in his views of divine grace and of the method of its operation reacted strongly upon his views of the future life. It may be a surprise to some who have worked with him, either in his own mission-hall at Ancoats or elsewhere, to hear that he had absolutely discarded the belief in Eternal Punishment, and had accepted a belief in Universal Restitution. There can be no doubt of this. We are not drawing upon our personal knowledge nor making him a proselyte to our private leanings.¹ His brother-in-law, Mr. Thomson, whose knowledge dates from the year 1870, says that “the doctrine of eternal punishment

¹ Which do not, in fact, exactly coincide with his.

was especially repellent to his gentle nature. In season and out of season he dwelt upon it with abhorrence. He was convinced that the doctrine was inconsistent with the character of a God of love. His rejection of it was final; and though, in after years, he was much in the society of orthodox evangelicals, that decision was never altered. On the contrary, I am convinced that his influence greatly modified the preaching of many of his later friends on the subject." Mrs. Crossley confirms the correctness of Mr. Thomson's statement. When he became one of the sympathisers with the Salvation Army, and almost enlisted under General Booth's flag, this was one of the chief intellectual difficulties that affected him. There is extant a letter to Mrs. Booth, in which he writes as follows (the date of the letter should be noted; it is October 14, 1886):—

" . . . I am rather anxious to see you and have a talk on the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. I believe the Army is making a great mistake in preaching it. Punishment is one thing, Eternal Punishment is quite another. It is really unimaginable if seriously thought about, and it is against the Spirit of the Bible. A few badly translated texts look like it, but many others are stronger on the other side. Why elect the ill-translated ones in preference to the others, when they are in opposition to conscience, reason, and the whole spirit of love and patience which Christ dis-

played? You will never rest in heaven while there are even lost devils outside, poor things! If *you* won't, how will Christ? You will want to be saving them even more than you want to down here.

"I am not at all opposing the doctrine of hell. There are heaps of people in hell around us here. We can see that without any faith at all or any Bible.

"God first began with *me* by fear; but it was not fear that won my heart, nor was it ever possible to do much [with me] by such means. I don't want to press this, while at the same time subscribing largely to the Army,¹ without saying that I know you will not think there is a trace of connection between the two [*i.e.* the criticising and the subscribing] in my mind. Of course, my subscriptions are proof of my affection and esteem, and must win some attention for what I may say; but I ask that not one tittle should be added of weight to my words on that account, and know, too, that this must be so. Still I also ask that no *less* consideration should be given, *out of fear of prejudice*, than the thought is worth. . . ."

It is to be regretted that amongst the many letters which have been preserved of the correspondence between Mr. Crossley and the leaders of the Salvation Army, the reply to this letter does not

¹ Mr. Crossley was one of the largest benefactors of the Salvation Army at this time.

seem to be found, and it is useless to speculate on what it may have contained. It is sufficiently clear what his views were as late as 1886, and I am not aware that he made any secret of them, or that they underwent any serious modification. It is sometimes said that a change of view in the matters referred to "cuts the nerve of missions"; it certainly was the very opposite with Frank Crossley, whether you prefix to the word missions the description "Home" or "Foreign." The Mission Hall in Ancoats never lacked in spiritual warmth, on account of the views of its founder and leader. A workman has been overheard to say to his fellow, who proposed entering the building, "What are you going in there for? It's *the hottest place in Manchester!*" And there are few centres of evangelical life that have been more saturated with zeal for the work of God abroad than the Star Hall was.

During Mr. Crossley's life in Liverpool (he was at that time with Fawcett, Preston, & Co.), and before his setting up in business in Manchester, there occurred another momentous change in his views, which affected deeply all his after days.

Up to this time he had been an adherent and a regular attendant of the Established Church, with perhaps no tendency towards a detachment from it unless in the direction of Plymouth Brethrenism.¹

¹ He was quite accustomed by this time to take his place "on the Lord's side," and would use his opportunities diligently for the persuasion

But now there occurred an unexpected and apparently accidental change of views, which is so curious in itself in the way in which it came about, and was of such far-reaching effect, that it can hardly be done justice to by simply saying that he became a Non-conformist. He had become very intimate with the curate at the church which he attended, and one day as they were walking into the country together, his friend said, "Oh ! will you excuse me a minute ? I want to go into a cottage to baptize an infant who is dying." He entered the cottage, but was absent so short a time that Frank was surprised, and expressed himself to that effect. The curate replied, "Oh ! I hadn't much to do. I just baptized the child, and read, 'Seeing now that this child is regenerate.'" "But do you believe that ?" urged his companion. "Well, no," was the reply ; "but that is what we have to say." The incident made a profound impression on Mr. Crossley, and though he did not immediately nor at this time finally withdraw from the Established Church, it was not long before he found himself attending the ministry of the Rev.

of his friends and fellows to take a similar stand. A lifelong friend of his reports that "it is about thirty-four years since I went to live with him . . . in Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. . . . At this time, though Frank frequently spoke to me of my soul's welfare, and did so also, no doubt, to our other two companions, I cannot recollect that he ever made the subject pall upon us, though I was at the time a heedless young fellow. . . . [At a later period of his life] he used to tell me that, whatever happened, whether things good or bad occurred, he felt that all that was to be said was 'Hallelujah,' which I felt to be a practical carrying out of the command, 'In everything give thanks.'"—H. J. S.

Enoch Mellor, a celebrated Congregational minister of the day.

I do not think that he would have quitted the Established Church merely because he had found a false man in it, who said words which he did not believe ; a man of Mr. Crossley's transparent fairness would have known how to abstract the false man from the system to which he belonged. But the trouble lay deeper than that : he believed himself face to face with a great ecclesiastical error, a part of the thick black veil of superstition which is lying upon men and upon nations ; it was not merely that he had found a false man—he had found at the same time what made him false, and revolted accordingly.¹

The “everlasting nay” had begun to sound in his soul, and would not be silenced or limited to a single proposition. He began to question the propriety of a Church Establishment, and to explore, in his straightforward but perhaps unscientific way, the bases of belief.² Through the little opening

¹ It is fair to remember that many of our Evangelical friends have found out how to hold the language both of the baptismal service and of the Catechism in a pure conscience ; for instance, they will equate “regenerate” with “baptized,” or prefix mentally the word “ecclesiastically” to “regenerate.” Still I think the verdict of most thoughtful people will be that of Macaulay, that as regards the Church of England “a controversialist who puts an Arminian sense on her Articles and Homilies will be pronounced by candid men to be as unreasonable as a controversialist who denies that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration can be discovered in the Liturgy.”

² Some persons will want to know the form that his theological reconstruction took on the question of baptism. Did he accept what is called “Believer's Baptism” ? The question can perhaps be best answered in

which his friend the curate had made in his faith, a torrent of questions flowed in. He began to test his beliefs with the same conscientiousness that he would in later days test the working of a gas-engine, and he would as little agree to a statement in which he saw a moral or a spiritual flaw as he would allow the name of Crossley to go out on a machine that was known to be faulty. The very fearlessness of his nature contributed to the spiritual difficulties in which he found himself, and the unsettlement of his mind became both acute and prolonged. All the restraints of authority, all the teaching of the Church, the traditional views of his fellow-Christians, were powerless against his individual convictions. The period of scepticism and reaction lasted for several years ; but at last the light began to come, and the negative side of his thinking began to pass away. Two things seem especially to have attracted him : one was the combination of deep spirituality with great breadth of sympathy and liberty of thought, which he had found in the writings of Erskine of Linlathen, of which he was a constant student ; the other was the ascetic ideal of holiness, his own words in a letter to his friend, Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, some twenty-five years later :—

“ The reason which has prevented the immersion of my wife and myself up to this date is that, with both of us, the proper time had gone by for the ceremony when we came to receive it. This, of course, did not apply to our children ; hence none were baptized as infants, but two were afterwards on their intelligent choice. No doubt the rest will follow, for so we pray. Perhaps we ourselves may be led to see that our own reason for abstaining is insufficient.”

which lay in the practice of self-sacrifice and the devotion to the Lord's poor. Consciously or unconsciously, Francis of Assisi was his patron saint at this period, along with Erskine of Linlathen. He began to find new ways of denying himself, and to devise new schemes for helping his brother-men.

The growth of his conscience under the discipline of these cloudy and dark days was phenomenal. Frank Crossley was the most conscientious man that, perhaps, the nineteenth century has seen ; but it must be assumed that he did not become so all at once. A good heredity can do much in this direction (it is a capitalised form of divine grace) ; but of what use is capital, even in religion, without labour. "Think not," says the Gospel, "to say within yourselves, We be Abraham's children !"

Perhaps the best way to understand the growth of his conscience, will be to examine it, not in the region of doctrines, such as those of Eternal Punishment or of Baptismal Regeneration, but in the simpler and more legible script of his commercial and industrial dealings. Here, at all events, we can see whether he made efforts to grow a conscience or sacrifices to keep one.

One of the earliest test-cases with which I am acquainted belongs to the time when he and his brother were manufacturing india-rubber machinery. As we have said above, one of their best customers was the celebrated firm of Macintosh. From them they

received one day an order for some iron moulds in which rubber goods were to be manufactured. In these moulds the name of a certain London firm was to be so cut that the finished goods would bear their name instead of the name of the makers, Messrs. Charles Macintosh & Co. Nothing would induce Mr. Crossley to make those moulds; he looked upon it as conniving at falsehood, and asked their friends to get the moulds elsewhere.

Less magnanimous people than his customers might have taken offence, but this most honourable firm respected the conscientiousness of their engineers, and did not let them suffer for it.

Some time after the two brothers took up the gas-engine, they both became ardent teetotalers. It is a difficult path to take, and one of its difficulties on the ethical side lies in the fact that morals run more readily into casuistry in this branch of the "counsels of perfection" than in almost any other. The details of buying and selling gave rise to a continual succession of such cases of conscience. Frank Crossley would not have one of their engines employed in hoisting a barrel of beer or spirits, nor for making electricity to light a theatre or a public-house. His brother, as manager of the selling department, confesses to having been somewhat half-hearted in the questions which Frank Crossley brought before the firm. Mr. F. Crossley, himself, took counsel's opinion on the matter; he wrote the following letter

to Dr. M'Laren of Manchester. The exact date of the letter I cannot determine (he seldom dated the years of his letters, worse luck to his biographer!) but it was after his removal to the Star Hall at Ancoats, of which we shall speak presently.

“MY DEAR M'LAREN,—Many thanks for your very kind note.

“There is another matter on which I want to consult you. It is a business point of the conscience kind, viz., Is it right to sell engines to brewers? Our business with them has largely been for engines to drive soda-water machines. They do a trade that way as well as in intoxicants. Still we have probably sold a good many for the manufacture of alcoholic liquor of one sort or another.

“In my mind I draw a line between selling a brewer a loaf, or a coat, and [selling him] an article which he wants for his morals-destroying trade. I am therefore against it, and vote to pull up.

“Two things may be argued (and probably heaps of things): i. If you will not sell to Brewers for brewing, you should not hold Railway shares, for railways carry their beer. It is a question of drawing the line; and this illustration is supposed to show that it *can* only be drawn short of being a brewer yourself, as you are sure to contribute indirectly; ii. You must, if consistent, stop selling to Theatres, Gun-makers, &c. &c., *i.e.* to all trades whose products

are often used in ways you condemn. Well, perhaps we must. I am not sure just now [that] if I knew a wicked example of such a trade was to have our engine, I should not at present feel conscientiously doubtful.

“Brewers are the main question at issue. We would be very glad to have *your view* about them, with any help you can throw into the broader question.

“If you could return this note with your reply I should be glad, as I have no copy, and want to compare your answer with the question.—Yours always,

F. W. CROSSLEY.

“*P.S.*—There is another strong practical ground of argument against this line of business—the sending out our men to Breweries or Theatres to erect the Engines is bad. It exposes them to temptation. And further, the fact that we pulled up and would not sell would be a strong point with a good many people for taking a similar step. If you can reply soon I shall be glad.”

Our readers will, perhaps, be surprised to hear of the existence of business men (ardent business men, too) who are so careful to make “clean money,” as to harbour scruples in the matter of what becomes of what they sell. They will like to know what Dr. M'Laren said in reply, and it is no breach of confidence to print his letter. The correspondence will,

at any rate, take us into a region where the air is charged with moral ozone.

"DEAR FRANK,—Your question is a difficult one, and I am afraid that I have never thought about it before. [That, dear Doctor, is the trouble with most of us.] I do not see my way very clearly [so far we are all with you, but—"Lift the torch of reason in the dusky cave of life"]. But here is how it strikes me.

"The principle 'I sell to anybody ; the use made is the buyer's affair, not mine,' will not do. What would be said of a cutler who sold a knife to a man who said, 'Sell me a sharp knife to cut my mother-in-law's throat with.' [*Rem acu tetigisti, dignissime domine.*] The extrême assertion of entire irresponsibility for the use of goods sold must be put aside, on the lower grounds recognised by law, and on the higher Christian ground, that we are responsible for our brethren,¹ and are not to be partakers of other men's sins.

"But what about the other end of the stick ? I think that the extreme principle there, that we are bound to take into account all the possible evil uses which may be made of an article, is equally unworkable ; if for no other reason, because they cannot be traced. Is there any middle ground ? I think so. I should not like to be a hop-mer-

¹ A comprehensive term, which includes mothers-in-law !

chant, for example ; nor should I sell barley to a brewer if I were a grain-merchant, for I should then be dealing in an article which had only one possible use, and that, in my judgment, a sufficiently bad use to make it my duty to have no complicity in it.

“ But your letter does not put your case as precisely on all-fours with these, and the distinction it suggests seems to be the governing consideration. That is to say, you do not sell, knowing certainly the use to be made. ‘ Probably,’ and ‘ often used in ways we should condemn ’—there is a big difference, and in it seems to lie the vindication of your dealing with brewers, &c. So the thing looks to me ; but I feel that the question is a very complicated one, and needs longer looking at than I can give, if I am to do as you wish, and write soon about it. But if I get any fresh light I will impart it.—Yours affectionately,

“ ALEXANDER M‘LAREN.”

Our readers will see that if the Lord does not now reply to hard questions by Urim and Thummim, whatever they may have been, we have still with us men of understanding, who know what Israel ought to do. Do they wish to know how the matter was finally settled ? We will tell them. A compromise was arrived at with those members of the firm who did not feel quite as keenly as himself.

It was decided that their travellers should not call on brewers, nor solicit orders from them, nor should the firm advertise in the newspapers of "the Trade"; the share of profits accruing to Mr. Frank Crossley from engines actually sold to brewers was deducted from his account and sent to charitable institutions; and in the last years of his life this meant, for the most part, that the money was sent to Armenia, of which more anon.¹

The conscientiousness which was thus evident in his business dealings was seen everywhere in his private and in his public life. We have already alluded to the way in which he attempted to undo the injury that in earlier years he had done to the proprietor of a Newcastle theatre, and he carried the same spirit into political life. When Mr. Parnell had ruined the prospects of the party of which he was the leader by a long-continued and discreditable intrigue, Mr. Crossley, though an ardent Gladstonian and Home-ruler, declared at once against any further recognition of leadership from

¹ I imagine that one secret of the phenomenal success of the firm was the "conscience" that the brothers invested in it. They never willingly sent out an inferior article. At one time, when a new principle was being adopted in the manufacture of the gas-engine, it happened that an unexpected imperfection was discovered in the first engine produced, after a number of specimens had been sold. The idea that their work was unsatisfactory was intolerable to Frank Crossley. He rushed off to Germany in the depth of winter to talk the matter over with Herr Otto. The particular defect which alarmed him was never localised, and, curiously, has never occurred again; but Frank Crossley was fully determined, if a faulty construction had been detected, to take back every engine that had been sold.

that quarter, and wrote a scathing letter to the *Manchester Guardian* on the subject.

But perhaps enough has been said to establish the fact that he possessed a very sensitive conscience. It was of the kind that Charles Wesley describes and prays for—

“Quick as the apple of the eye
The least approach of sin to feel”—

a prime factor in the attaining, and equally so in the maintaining of a sanctified experience. For, as Faber says—

“To keep thy conscience sensitive,
No inward token miss,
And go where grace entices thee,
Perfection lies in this.”

If one wished to describe such a conscience, it is not enough to call it a Nonconformist conscience, let alone the difficulty that such a conscience is a part of the mirth of those who in the present day sit in the seat of the scornful, and whose own consciences are mere pin-heads in the midst of their anatomies. We might perhaps call it a Huguenot conscience, but that does not sufficiently express the degree to which it was cultivated, rather than natural. Suppose we simplify the matter, and, not having found very many of the same species, call it a Franciscan conscience.

CHAPTER IV

IS CONCERNED CHIEFLY WITH FRIENDSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

FOR the first five years of the partnership of the two brothers they lived together in lodgings in Bowdon; though outwardly they were comfortable enough, it was a weary and a dreary time, especially, I suspect, to the younger partner, for Frank was in low health physically, in perplexity mentally, and laden with business anxieties. He made no friends or next to none, and took part in no amusements. Discussions as to the flax-scutching which they were designing, or with regard to the prospects of the business which they were building up, were hardly likely to breed anything except an increasing sense of the monotony of life, if not of its melancholy. Happily the tedium of the week was relieved by the Saturday afternoon walk and by the Saturday evening visit from Mr. Alexander M'Laren, who afterwards became their brother-in-law, whose brilliant conversation was the greatest delight to the two brothers. Frank did not care, at this time, to invite his friends to dine; and when his younger brother had once ventured to do so on his own account, he raised

so many objections that the invitation had to be rescinded !

There were two directions, over and above a marriage blessed of Heaven, to which we must presently allude, from which brightness came steadily into Mr. Crossley's life. One was the acquaintance of an artist, who was after Mr. Crossley's marriage a close neighbour of his at Bowdon, named Joseph Geldart. Mr. Geldart was an old man, much the senior of Mr. Crossley ; he had made a lifelong study of the Italian masters, and was himself no mean artist. He is reported when at Venice to have visited the "Peter Martyr" of Titian every day for a whole year ! From him Frank Crossley learned to appreciate the composition and colouring of the great masters, of Botticelli and Raffaele and Titian and Michael Angelo. Beautiful copies of the best of them were amongst his household treasures. Mr. Geldart was accustomed to examine great paintings by mystical rules of his own, which had secret relations with theology ; there were serpentine lines and tripartite divisions to be found in great paintings by those who were skilled to look for them. Mr. Thomson says that Geldart's eye for these wavy lines and threefold divisions was keener than that of Sir Thomas Browne for a quincunx. Frank Crossley was much attracted by this gentle and beautiful soul, an idealist like himself. They had much in common, and I think Mr. Geldart may have done more for

Frank than to teach him the meaning of wavelines in art and to make him love Botticelli. Perhaps he furnished him, at a time of much spiritual perplexity, with an artist's vantage-ground from which to view this sorrowful world ; and what was a vantage-ground to him, became a jumping-off place to Frank, from which he presently plunged into the thickest fog and blackest smoke that invested, like a pall, the life of nine-tenths of the human race around and beneath him.

Those who are busied with psychic and occult phenomena tell us that they are able to produce on photographic plates the figures of our invisible companions, and that chloride of silver and such-like thin chemical films have the power to dissolve, in part, the thicker veils that the spiritual sense within us is so bent on piercing. How far this may be true I will not pretend to say, but there is something analogous to it in the writing of a friend's life ; unexpected, or scarcely suspected, figures come out in the plate to a strange and mysterious degree ; when we try to sketch the spiritual progress of Frank Crossley, the good angels persist in turning up in the negative, and amongst them there is certainly the figure of an old man covered with an artist's mantle. And the friendship which sprung up between them was carried on, after his removal, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart, his sister-in-law, who lived with him. The occultists

may perhaps find a reason why she was taken hence on the very day before Frank Crossley left us, and even those who are not occultists will see a fitness in the fact that one funeral sermon sufficed for both. Dr. Mackennal of Bowdon alluded to this friendship on the Sunday after Mr. Crossley's death, to the following effect. He said, "They had lost during the previous week two of the most honoured and beloved members of the Church—Mrs. Geldart and Mr. Frank Crossley. There was something very touching to those who remembered their close neighbourhood, intimate friendship, the interest each took in the other's faith and spiritual character and Christian work, that they should have been waiting burial together, and should have had their bodies laid in the grave, the one on Friday and the other on Saturday. Each had a saintly soul, though the one lived in seclusion and the other passed an eminently active life. Mrs. Geldart was nourished in the old days of rigid self-inspecting piety. She almost never dared to take to herself the assurance of her own salvation, though she was as certain of it—fearing God, loving Christ, and seeking only the good of souls—as she was of her own being. Frank Crossley, with a buoyant and even temperament, not unacquainted with the world and its evils, gave himself to Christ, and in the fulness of a richly endowed nature grew strong in conscious holiness, and obtained the sublime

fulness of Christian experience, in claiming for the daily life of Christ's servants all that Christ had promised to bestow. But each was as true as the other. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

We have spoken of the gleam of light which undoubtedly came into Frank Crossley's life through the influence of good old Mr. Geldart. The other direction from which the sunshine came in streams was the ministry of Dr. Alexander M'Laren. When Frank first came to Manchester, he brought with him a letter of introduction from Dr. Mellor to Dr. M'Laren. The first Sunday that he attended the services at Union Chapel, he was standing in the aisle, looking for a seat, when a young man, a little older than himself, invited him to share his pew. There was something more than a churchgoer's natural politeness to a stranger ; he had been struck by the beautiful expression on the stranger's face, and concluded by instinct that no other introduction was necessary. After the service they had some conversation together, and Frank found in his new acquaintance a cousin of the great preacher and one who became to him a warm and settled friend ; friendship ripened into relationship, and young M'Laren became, not long after, the husband of his beloved sister Emmeline.

Mr. Crossley was now a regular worshipper at Dr. M'Laren's church in Manchester, to the services

of which he used to go regularly from Bowdon. His Sunday afternoons were usually spent in digesting the notes which he had taken of Dr. M'Laren's wonderfully spiritual addresses, and transcribing them for his beloved sister, and for the home circle at Anagola.

We have examined numbers of these analyses, which are still extant; for us their chief interest, over and above their obvious value in Mr. Crossley's spiritual education, lies in the bits of family history which turn up in the postscripts. Fresh figures were evidently coming into his environment, the sensitive plate of the weekly diary becomes suspiciously clouded with loving faces from fresh quarters. What are we to make of such notes as these :—

(Date 1870.)

"Mrs. Kerr and her daughters and Mr. Thomson came to chapel by train this morning. I *think* [the italics are meditative and his own] they will be an acquisition here, but am not very sure. They are very friendly indeed.¹

"The Kerrs likewise came into Union Chapel this morning. . . . They have asked us both to dinner on Tuesday, and added an invitation to me² to dinner to-day, but I made this sermon my excuse. However, I said I would go in for an hour this evening after chapel-time."

¹ Why did you not italicise that last clause? Was it because you knew that sisters, especially very dear ones, can italicise for themselves?

² Should not this sentence be italicised, Brother Frank?

The historian is clearly entitled to an explanation of the somewhat obscure allusions contained in these and similar sentences.

And a little investigation brings to light a degree of subtlety in the allusions, which is quite foreign to Frank's normal character, though it is common in human life at certain psychological crises. The Mr. Thomson alluded to above had recently come to England from India, had just married, and was commencing a new business. His wife was included amongst Mrs. Kerr's daughters, though you would not suspect it from the obscure language of the rescript; nor is there any direct reference to Miss Emily Kerr, who was to play the part of St. Clare towards his St. Francis, in their future life in the East End of Manchester. They had first met at Priory Bank, Sale, where Miss Kerr was staying with her sister, Mrs. Thomson. This was in 1870. And in the same year Mrs. Kerr came to reside at Morningside, in Bowdon, as her husband had died not long before, and her son Richard was starting in business in Mr. Thomson's office in Manchester. Miss Emily Kerr will remember that their very first visitors at Morningside were the Crossley brothers, and that they were also very regular visitors. It is curious, too, that about this time Frank Crossley seems to have accompanied his new friends to Dr. M'Laren's church, and would ride with them to Manchester in the same train. The Psalmist calls

it "going to the house of God in company," which shows his knowledge of human nature, at all events.

In February 1871 Francis Crossley made direct tenders of his affection to Emily Kerr, and was accepted ; and on June 1, 1871, they were married, and went off to the old home in Ireland for their honeymoon. It is no part of an editor's or biographer's duty to invade the blessed secrets which are cherished by his married friends ; but it has come to his knowledge that the language in which Mr. Crossley made his offer of marriage was almost prophetic of later developments of his life, and he is permitted to transcribe a few striking sentences for the benefit of those whom it may interest or concern :—

"February 5, 1871.

" . . . Although I have what may be called fair prospects, I am a poor man at present. But here is the chief point I wish to name. If my business, which has good possibilities about it, did become lucrative, I would never, if I continue to hold my present views, think it right to live in such a way as conventional morality pronounces in favour of. There is too much wretchedness in the world, in my opinion, to warrant any useless or unnecessary expenditure on self. Until the poor, who have always been with us so far, have departed or become well-to-do, the principle, I take it, ought to be : Spend on yourself that only which will enable you to con-

tribute to the well-being of others in the greatest degree.

“I wonder if I am right to say all this here. I fully feel what a strange place it is to say it. I would not say it if I did not think you would agree with me—I mean I would not write this letter at all if I did not believe I was writing to one who loved the same Master that, I trust, I love, and whose best guarantee for the conduct of the man who asks to be so near her, as I have ventured to ask to be, is her belief in His power and keeping.”

It is not often that the words “Come live with me, and be my love” are set to such a lofty strain as this ; nor does the “voice of the bridegroom and the bride” commonly discourse such excellent music. One wonders whether either of them dreamt of what would be involved in the carrying out of such a “contract celestial.” Did Miss Emily Kerr suspect that she would, in carrying out the marriage vows, be down in the cellar breaking the necks of the champagne bottles, or Francis Crossley that he would be packing up his best pictures, and sending them to the Whitworth Gallery ; or, both of them, that they would, in days to come, be setting up in front of their house a statement concerning the Sale or Letting of a desirable villa residence ?

The marriage had not been carried out without some of the proverbial obstacles in the path of the

lovers. Miss Kerr's guardian shook his head ; didn't like the look of the Crossley business ; and gave those young men a couple of years to become bankrupt ! Frank's reply was characteristic. He was not going to contradict the terms of his engagement with Miss Kerr by promising to get rich as soon as possible, and to live up to wealth when it should come. On the contrary, he admitted readily that "the business is both difficult and risky when compared with the usual run of mercantile professions. I am not, however, sure," he adds, "that these are disadvantages. On the whole, I almost prefer them. Riches are doubtless less often a blessing than a curse, or we should find more of them strewn about the world under a beneficent Providence. Certainly a well-known series of beatitudes begins with 'Blessed are ye poor.'" And it appears from the way in which he talked to the young lady's guardian that he had accepted the literal and Lucan form of the beatitude as his rule of life, whatever might be his fortunes in the outward. Whether the cautious guardian consented to be knocked over in this summary fashion with the butt-end of a beatitude, or whether he merely accepted the inevitable, does not appear. It is certain from the two letters which we have been allowed to quote that it is not so far from Ancoats to Assisi as might have been supposed, and that there is a certain amount of overlap between two centuries, viz., the beginning of the thirteenth

century and the end of the nineteenth. If celibacy had not been so terribly in fashion in the Catholic Church, Francis of Assisi might have written letters like these to St. Clare.

The early years of their married life were uphill times. It often looked dark in the business, and in those days Frank Crossley was sometimes very depressed, and would run to an extreme of hopelessness—a characteristic entirely changed in later years through the growth of a steadier and stronger faith in God.

For some time they attended again the services of the Established Church, finding it impossible to get as far as Dr. M'Laren's church every Sunday, and took sittings in St. John's, Bowdon. There was much that Frank continued to enjoy in the services, especially some of the prayers and collects; he also enjoyed the preaching of the minister, Mr. F. Wainwright. But his feeling of dissatisfaction both with the doctrine of the Church and with its position relatively to the State grew, until he finally withdrew and became a member of the Downs Congregational Church, under the ministry of Mr. Griffith. Here he soon found congenial work in the teaching of a class of men, and nothing so contributed to the re-establishment and strengthening of his personal faith as did the preparation for this class and his personal intercourse with the members.

One effect of the marriage was to make Mr.

Crossley more sociable, both in visiting and in being visited. Little dinners would be organised, and lawn-tennis parties arranged. But, after a while, life became again too earnest and too intense to be much occupied with these things.

Moreover, business in the first years of married life was very exacting. Mrs. Crossley used to call the newspaper *Engineering* her rival, because her husband was so absorbed in the study of it. So there was not much chance for them to become "Society people."

As time went on, and their prospects brightened, they began to be both privately and publicly occupied in the study of the welfare of those who were poorer than themselves. Frank Crossley gave away his money almost as fast as he got it, dispensing it with both hands, neither of which knew what the other was doing. I suspect also that his conduct would sometimes square closely with an interpretation which St. Augustine gives of the rule that "the left hand must not know what the right hand is doing," according to which the right hand stands for the man and the left hand for his wife! He was skilled in the science of undoing the heavy burden and letting the oppressed go free. Many a time, by the payment of rent or by the lifting of some crushing burden of debt, he made the widow's heart to sing for joy.

In this connection there is a story of his sym-

pathy and generosity told by Mr. Thomas Cook, the celebrated evangelist, who was often welcomed at the Star Hall in the last years of Mr. Crossley's life, after he and his family had removed from Bowdon and taken up their abode in the poorest parts of Manchester. "I was returning," he says, "from London to Harrogate late one night, and found I had an hour to wait at Leeds Station, so I went into the waiting-room, intending to spend the time there. When I entered I saw a man standing near to the fire with his arm leaning on the mantel. His eyes looked as if he had been weeping, so I asked him if he were in trouble. When he heard my voice he looked up with a start, and said, 'Is that you, Mr. Cook?' and told me he had heard me preach several times in the chapel that he attended. When I asked him what was the cause of his sorrow, his only reply was, 'I have met a man to-day who has treated me just as Jesus Christ would have done.' When I asked for particulars, he told me something as follows:—

"Two or three years ago, my brother and myself decided to start business on our own account. We purchased a factory, and bought one of Crossley's gas-engines to supply the power. After we got the engine fixed, we found we had not purchased one large enough to do the amount of work necessary to make the business pay, and instead of making money by our venture we lost it. Things got worse

and worse with us, until a few weeks ago my brother said, "It is no use carrying on any longer, we are bankrupt." And he urged that we should sign our Petition at once and get matters settled; but I said, "Think what a disgrace it will be! We are both of us church members and Sunday-school teachers, and I cannot bear the thought of bringing discredit on the cause of God." I suggested that, instead of coming to any immediate decision, I should consult the Crossley firm about it. My brother said, "What is the use of doing that? It is not Crossleys' fault that the engine has failed. We should have got a larger engine." However, in the end, he consented that I should run over to Manchester. I have been there to-day, and am now returning home. When I got to the works, Mr. Crossley was not there; I saw one of the managers, and he said he could do nothing for us. I was turning away in despair, when Mr. Crossley came up, and asked me what was the matter. He invited me into his office, and I told him the whole story. When I had finished, he said, "I am very sorry for you, my lad, and will do what I can to help you. Go back and tell your brother that I will put you in a larger engine, and take back the old one, and it shall not cost you a penny to effect the change." And he added, "Ask your brother to find out how much you have lost since you started business, and if he will let me know, I will send you a cheque for the amount."

"The man did not know," adds Mr. Cook, "that I knew anything about Mr. Crossley when he gave me the particulars ; but how proud I was to be able to say that he was one of my personal friends !"

It was wonderful with what delicacy of feeling he would do these things, and how adroitly he would try to persuade the victim of his philanthropy that the real person benefited was himself.

The winter of 1878-79 was a time of severe distress in Manchester, and he was deputed to the difficult task of inquiring into the cases for relief belonging to the better class (as men say), and in the relief of such cases he entered into sympathy with a great deal of silent sorrow which he was able generously to relieve.

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH HE TRIES IMPRACTICABLE SCHEMES, AND
ALMOST BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE SALVA-
TION ARMY.

THE interest which Frank Crossley took in the welfare of his fellow-men led him to take a prominent part in almost all the movements for social amelioration and reform which are so characteristic of the nineteenth century ; and he not only joined in the schemes of others, but he was constantly incubating schemes of his own. The call might come in the shape, "this thing ought to be done," or "that thing might be done better," it might relate to physical well-being or to moral excellence, but in any case it would set him, as we have said, incubating. It need scarcely be said that some of these attempts at reform were impracticable enough. Amongst these unsuccessful ideas were not a few that had to do with relieving the struggle at the bottom of the labour market, and the introduction of sweeter living by the wholesale destruction of insanitary areas and buildings. When he came to realise the large province of human labour that had been desolated by the "sweater," he wrote

to Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army, suggesting a socialistic experiment in Manchester, not unlike some of those which the Salvation Army have since carried out in the Metropolis.

“I am seriously thinking,” he writes, “of starting a workshop for needlewomen in Manchester. It would be a large shed filled with sewing-machines and knitting-machines, and other appliances, turned by a gas or steam engine. Women would be allowed, either gratis or for a trifle, to have the use of the place and machines. They could be helped to combine against the “sweaters,” and assisted in various ways without any pauperising effect. . . .” It is perhaps hardly fair to quote from a letter a few sentences and call it a scheme: yet even these stray sentences contain important principles. The protection of wages by mutual combination is conceded, and the ultimate ownership and use of machinery by the machinist is adumbrated.

The abolition of slums was another object that was often in his mind. His method of dealing with the subject was heroic; he would raze the insanitary blocks of buildings to the ground, and transfer their population to village life, by building of rural or suburban colonies in place of the old rookeries, while the spaces from which the old buildings were removed should be utilised as recreation grounds and fresh-air stores for the cities where they were found. I think his idea was that such changes could be

accomplished by a few consecrated millions of money; he did not, I think, see that these great social reforms, which are already following the lines of his thought in many of our great cities, are not to be accomplished so much by the gifts of millions of money as by the earnestness and determination of millions of people; and that the fact that one good camel had got through the needle's eye into the kingdom was no guarantee that he could lead off an apostolic succession of self-disburdening camels either in Manchester or elsewhere. "Woe unto you, rich men!" will not be erased from the New Testament, because Crossley Brothers have proved, as Spurgeon used to say, that God does sometimes succeed in getting a camel through the eye of a needle.

The devil's advocate asks, at this point, why he talked about spending money on the reform of insanitary areas, and did not spend his own that way. Because, my good friend—because there is another way of spending one's self and of spending one's shekels, which is called the Way of the Incarnation. It consists in going and living with people, instead of telling them to come and live with you. My worthy brother, the advocate, will know "the mounted sign," and withdraw the objection. Frank Crossley never bought a slum, that I know of, but he went and lived in one; and it is a significant fact that a whole block of condemned dwellings (harbouring such filth and misery as the writer does not often

remember to have seen elsewhere in England), which had for years survived the anathema of the Manchester City Council, disappeared very soon after Frank Crossley pitched his tent on the edge of it, and has since become, not quite a garden, but the first stage gardenwards—an open space. One can hardly help asking the question, “Supposing that Frank Crossley had actually bought a slum or two, and built in lieu of them a barrack or two, how many people would there have been at his funeral? Would it have run into three figures, instead of the five which it actually reached? And if a visitor on the day of his death had called to inquire after him, would he have been met with the words, ‘*Our loved one is gone?*’”

He was more and more convinced that what was needed in Manchester was the conversion of Manchester people to the Lord, and with this end in view he threw himself heartily into evangelistic efforts for the reclamation of the masses. In this conviction he was greatly confirmed by the visit to Manchester of the celebrated American evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, whose work needs no apology or panegyric from us. He did a great service to English Christianity, and set many earnest people to work to win souls, who had never been at the business before. Frank Crossley formed a very high idea of the earnestness and reality of the man. Under his influence he meditated another unsuccessful scheme ;

he proposed the establishment of a large central hall for evangelistic work in the heart of the city: the scheme did not find favour in the form in which he proposed it, and he was not in a position at that time to indulge in Quixotic attempts to do the work himself. So he threw himself heartily into the work of the existing missions in the city of Manchester.

He and his brother also built for their workmen a hall at Openshaw, adjacent to their own works. This useful work still goes on, under Mr. William Crossley's management, having passed entirely into his hands some years before Frank's death. About 700 working people meet there on the Sunday evening, and amongst other agencies for good, it has a Lads' Club, which is probably the most successful example of its kind in the country.

I think that during the time represented by these movements and efforts, he was growing more and more out of doubt and into faith. The darkness was passing away, and was presently to pass entirely.

In the year 1884, in the month of April, a distinct landmark occurs in his spiritual experience. As so often happens, the landmark is a gravestone. His faith was tried to the utmost by the removal of his beloved son Richie, whom he watched over in his last illness as only the tenderest nurse could do. What he passed through may perhaps be divined, by those who have not had similar trials of faith and baptisms of desolation, from his language many

years later in writing to friends who were in any trouble that he might console them with the consolation that he himself ultimately found from God. Writing to Mrs. Booth, he says:—

“It is a long drawn-out trial. I well remember how it was when I nursed my sweet Richie in his last illness; and how the laughter along the road outside and the song of the birds—it was the spring-time—seemed to cut me off from all relations with a world so unlike what was passing in my heart! Yet God has made it all—all and not a part—and He will fit in the unexplained perfectly yet, however inexplicable it looks just now.”

Mrs. Crossley reminds me that “four months later [than Richie’s removal] God gave us our youngest boy, Marshall, to fill something of the vacant place in our hearts.” That last expression has a biblical as well as a maternal sound. Is there not something in the early chapters of Genesis to the effect that “God hath appointed me another seed, *instead of Abel*,” and does not the prophet talk somewhere of “children whom thou shalt have, *after that thou have lost the other*”? But then they are not really lost; and with God “instead of” often means “along with.” Moreover, as his mother implies, the vacant place could not be wholly filled. In his daily text-book there stands a note belonging to Oct. 18, 1893, to the effect that it was Richie’s birthday, and *that he was 20 years old*. “Not as a child shall we again behold him.” Frank

Crossley was right when, in reporting to a dear friend the sorrow which had come upon them, he described it as “the cutting of a cord, which was *instantly and for ever knotted again inextricably.*” Well might he say so, for this precious boy was united to his parents by more than natural ties. “Have you Christ’s peace in your heart now, sweet son?” said his father, as he leaned over him and watched the life ebbing away from the earthly strand; the answer came back with a peculiar and characteristic emphasis, “Lord, I have!”¹

In the early summer of 1886, if we reckon rightly, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley went to Torquay for a short visit, and here, for the first time, came under the influence of the Salvation Army. An old Manchester friend of theirs was living there, and Frank Crossley asked him what was best worth doing on Sunday. Mr. Caddell said, “Go and hear the Salvation Army Lassies in their barracks over a stable at 7 A.M.” So shortly after the time named he was there, and the meeting was one that was never forgotten. The simplicity, earnestness, and directness of these uneducated girls was a marvel to him. Their unquestioning faith and ringing testimonies were at once a wonder and an inspiration. He became a warm friend of the Army, often went to their meetings in Altrincham, and stood by them in many ways when

¹ A letter to Miss Ellice Hopkins, written shortly after the dear child’s departure, will be found in an Appendix at the end of the chapter.

they had to run the gauntlet of Northern rowdyism. Upon one notable occasion, when he was on the bench of magistrates (for he was now a Justice of the Peace), he was called upon to take part in the trial of a Salvation Army lassie for obstructing the public thoroughfare. (What they were really obstructing was a broad road of another character, for the crowding of which they were not responsible!) When the case was called, Frank Crossley left his seat on the bench, and took his stand by the side of the Army girl in the dock. When the Army, who are the modern successors of St. Francis, find time from their multitudinous labours to evolve an artist, we suggest that their Giotto of the future should try his skill upon this canvas. The Salvation Army has a good picture-gallery getting ready, but no subject that will lend itself to finer treatment than this.

It was not long before Mr. Crossley made the personal acquaintance of the leaders of the Salvation Army; Mrs. Booth and the General, as well as a number of their devoted children, became frequent visitors and trusted friends in the home at Bowdon; with Mrs. Booth, in particular, there was a regular correspondence during the last years of her suffering life, and many of the letters which passed between them have been preserved. Frank Crossley became their most liberal helper, and I rather think he was known at one time in Army circles as "the Paymaster." Mr. Thomson, his brother-in-law, says that

he is confident he does not overstate the case when he says that, first or last, he gave in support of the operations of the Salvation Army no less than £100,000.

It may be granted that he did not consolidate all these friendships without causing much anxiety to earlier friends as well as to his own relatives. "The only fault I ever saw in him," writes Miss Ellice Hopkins, "was his excessive devotion to the Salvation Army." "Considering the refinement of his nature and of his manners," says Mr. Thomson, "it seems a strange thing that he should have been so immensely attracted by them. But their simple faith, their apparent life of entire consecration, and their quest of 'the clean heart' appealed to his inmost soul. Moreover he was keenly alive to what seemed to him the coldness of average English Christians — whether Churchmen or Nonconformists."¹

¹ How strongly he was persuaded that the English Nonconformists were not truly alive to their duties and responsibilities to the masses of the people may be gathered from the following incident. He was, as we have already intimated, a member of the Downs Congregational Church at Bowdon, which at the time of which I am writing, as now, was under the leadership of Dr. Mackennal, a warm and constant friend of Frank's. The church-meeting was astonished one day by a proposal on his part that they should abandon their suburban comfort and elegance, and migrate bodily into the slums. "To some of you," he said, "this place is sacred for its quiet, refined associations: you love it: as for me, I hate it all. Let us leave this respectable neighbourhood and go right down among the poor folks: that is where a church should be!"

I do not report this in order that any one should draw the conclusion that the church addressed was especially lacking in Christian solidarity, or peculiarly backward in Christian enterprise. That was certainly not the case. But Frank Crossley was nearer to the Christian ideal than any very comfortable church can expect to be.

No doubt it was a strange attraction ; but what we are concerned with, as historians of his spiritual life, is not whether it was strange or not, but whether there was a leading of God in it, a point upon which we shall put in some evidence presently. There can be no doubt that to Mrs. Crossley it was at first a great trial. Her distaste for the Salvation Army and their ways was cherished by her, in all good conscience, as a testimony in favour of natural refinement of disposition. But in looking back over her lack of expressed sympathy with the movement and with its leaders, it became to her in later days a matter of sore grief and regret. And when she became desirous of a closer walk with the Lord and of receiving increased power for serving Him, one of the chief matters about which she was convicted was her undue and over-expressed distaste for the Salvation Army.

Mr. Crossley did not ever accept the whole of the Army methods of evangelising¹; he criticised

¹ How strongly he was at first repelled by them, in spite of his great interest in what he heard and saw, may be gathered from the following notes in his pocket-book : "The Army forgets that the vulgar crowd knows nothing of the joy that they experience, and to whom their expressions seem wild and ridiculous. If instead of 'tambourining,' &c., they explained quietly that they would do so if they gave vent to their feelings, but refrained for the sake of the colder and unsaved [people], might they not do more? Their expressions are a little too like *love-scenes in public*. Yet it is well that we should know that such love exists. In ordinary practice it is so seldom shown as to be easily considered non-existent." It is curious that the very next note in the book shows the pendulum swinging back again violently from disapproval to approval. "If the Army are idiots, then *à fortiori* they are Divinely led, seeing they have done so much without any brains of their own!"

freely to Mrs. Booth a number of things which seemed to him fantastic or irreverent in their services. From a letter of Mrs. Booth's to him, which lies before me, I suspect that he had wished to express some of his views in the pages of the *War Cry*. But Mrs. Booth is very decided against the suggestion, and makes a reply to his criticisms which is as vigorous and faithful as one would expect from the mother of the Salvation Army.

"You can never know," says she, "what it has been to fight the battle we have fought with conventionalism and prejudice, and having held on so long and so far, to open a door to criticism now, would, it appears to us, be very unwise. You see this whole question of demonstration depends so entirely on the spirit which prompts it, that while the things of the spirit remain to the natural man foolishness, it will be impossible to find any demonstration at all which will be agreeable to him. I have proved this by long and painful experience amongst both professors and worldlings. I worked for fifteen of the best years of my life exclusively amongst the middle and upper class people of the type to which you refer, and I always found that until they yielded to the Spirit of God in their own souls, any expression of *feeling*, however modest, was distasteful to them. You see, dear friend, all men are by nature ashamed of God and His claims on

their hearts. . . . The whole history of the Christian Church shows that Satan has always raised the loudest and most determined opposition towards any demonstration of real feeling in religious exercises, such as men naturally allow and practise in all other subjects. If he *has* to let any one love God, then he insists on their doing it quietly, and keeping all expression of it to themselves. . . . Your generous heart is concerned for the 'cold' ones as mine was for twenty years: but, dear friend, when we mourned to them they did not weep, and now we pipe to them they will not dance. . . ."

In this way Mrs. Booth met some, but by no means all, of Mr. Crossley's criticisms of what he considered the over-demonstrativeness of the Salvation Army. There is still, perhaps, an unanswered and unanswerable residue, though in the main Mrs. Booth's remarks are painfully true, and her criticisms scathingly just.

But the real matter for inquiry is not to what extent Mr. Crossley accepted and transplanted subsequently into his own mission work at Ancoats the outward methods of the Army, but whether he learned from them any important spiritual lessons, or received from them any spiritual impulses. Perhaps the best way to settle such an important question will be to let Frank Crossley speak for himself. Here is a letter in which he describes to a friend and fellow-worker in the kingdom the results of his

participation in some meetings which the General and Mrs. Booth had held in Manchester :—

“February 5, 1888.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I will tell you as nearly as I can about my experience.

“I had come to the conclusion more definitely than ever, quite absolutely I may say, during these Salvation Army meetings, that multitudes, if not all, of the Salvationists had something which *I had not*.

“I said this both to the General and his wife on Wednesday, I think.

“I had also far more deeply thrown myself and all I had at the feet of Jesus. If Jesus says to me, ‘Frank Crossley, you must sell up Fairlie¹ and go,’ I will do it, and *now* I will do it with joy.

“Moreover, I had had so deep a conviction of the high spiritual life and work of the S. A., that I resolved to make a sacrifice, that I could really feel, to help them² . . . Well, I wrote the General a letter saying this, and put it into his pocket on Thursday, and saw him and his wife off to London.

“I came home, and was praying alone here about 5.45 P.M., and as I was praying there came over me the most extraordinary sense of joy. It was not exactly in my head nor in my heart, it was almost a grasping of my chest by some strange

¹ His home in Bowdon.

² The details are marked “in confidence.”

hand, that filled me with an ecstasy I never had before. It was borne in on me that this was the joy of the Lord. . . . I felt that the joy would abate, but that the Lord would remain when it was gone.

"It lasted until nearly the same time next day, and in the train going home on Friday, I almost said, 'Lord, it is too much ; stay Thy hand.' Then it abated, but I have not been the same since [as I was before]. I have a power of testimony now that I never had before, and a liberty to which I was a stranger in a large degree. I know now what the S. A. mean by being properly saved !

"Well ! I thought it likely that the Booths had read my letter in the train, and that this was an answer to prayer of theirs. I wrote on Thursday saying so—a couple of hours after it came on—and yesterday I heard from Mrs. Booth, saying, that they *had* done so together in the train, just after getting well out of Manchester.

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"May you have a hundred-fold more than I of this wonderful joy. F. W. C."

It was natural that after such a blessed experience of the love of God to the creature that he should have gone on to inquire more closely into the meaning of the visitation, both theologically and

practically. The question under both heads brought the Salvation Army before his mind ; on the one hand, he found them holding a belief in, or giving testimony to what they spoke of, as "the clean heart" ; it was their best formulated doctrine, their most strongly attested experience. What did it mean, and how was it to be realised ? On the other hand the question arose practically, as to whether it was not his duty to join himself to them in view of the help which he had already received from them, and through them. On both of these points he wrote freely to Mrs. Booth. A few extracts from the correspondence will be useful, if they do not do more than establish his thorough agreement with the Army teaching on the subject of holiness (*i.e.* with the teaching of John Wesley) ; and it must also be allowed that a glimpse at the correspondence dispels the idea, that the Booths were bent on making a proselyte of him at any price.

[F. W. C. to Mrs. BOOTH.]

" . . . When you have time give me a few Bible points for the 'clean-heart' teaching. I am rejoicing in it, but want to be stronger. . . . I want to be absolutely guided by Jesus, in whom I have never trusted in the same way before to-day [as I do now].

" . . . I have been thinking . . . that the usual view makes a clean heart practically impossible, for if we think it can't be had, of course, it is impossible to have faith to get it.¹

"But to believe and possess appears to be the root of all real soul-saving work, for otherwise there is not enough to ask a man to accept. If sin remains, then how much sin? Where shall the line be drawn? It must sink lower and lower down till salvation is no longer distinguishable, and that is pretty much what is commonly the case. . . ."

[Mrs. BOOTH to F. W. C.]²

" . . . I note what you say on the doctrinal aspect of the glorious truth you have espoused, and agree with you exactly. It seems to me that the error of our friends of the opposite view is just that of separating the consequences from the cause. I had a long argument with Mr. W. P. on this same point: he would admit the indwelling Christ, but would not admit the consequent cleansing and power. As you say, this of course makes an excuse for sin. It seems as though they could not detach the idea of creature-merit from the state of being cleansed,

¹ A golden thought by the side of which may be hung up the following from a Christian writer of the second century: "If it shall once enter thy heart that thou canst not perfectly fulfil the commandments of God, thou shalt not be able to keep them!"—*Hermas*.

² I am not quite clear about the dates of this and the previous letter, but this one seems to answer his inquiries.

whereas, in fact, it is only while in this state we realise entire nothingness of self and self-efforts." ¹

Closely connected with the acceptance of the mystical doctrine of the pure heart came the related question as to how far the work of grace within should be made a matter of testimony to those who are without. Should one follow the parable which says of the man that found a hidden treasure, that "he hideth it, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath," or the other parable in which the friend and the neighbour are bidden to rejoice with one?

Should one accept the apostolic rule, "Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God," or should one verify the dictum of the same apostle that "in everything ye are enriched by Him in all utterance and in all knowledge, even as the testimony of Christ is confirmed in you"? Should one say with Keble—

"God only and good angels look
Behind the blissful screen"?

or with David exclaim—

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God ;
I will declare what He hath done for my soul"?

Mrs. Booth was very decided on points like these. Writing evidently in answer to queries of some sort, she says :—

¹ Or, as Madame Guyon would say, "There are only two truths, the Nothingness of the Creature and the All of God."

"Honour God by testifying to His work in you whenever it seems expedient, and every time you do so you will gain light and strength. *Faith and Fight* are the conditions of growth. *Hold fast and Go Forward* are our marching orders."

In regard to joining the Salvation Army, Mr. Crossley was anxious to understand thoroughly the machinery of the movement. He studied their literature, and examined their rules. After doing so he wrote to Mrs. Booth as follows :—

"March 23 [1889].

" . . . I am troubling you with these few lines to express sorrow and penitence for heaps of misconceptions and erroneous ideas which I should have avoided had I been better informed. Reading is not my forte—if I have any forte. . . . I am a slow reader, very slow ; and must take the blame for the ignorance I should have avoided had I taken more trouble when younger to improve my speed. . . . However, I suppose the General has determined to take me as I am, and make the best he can of a poor enough tool. . . ."

In a letter dated April 1, 1889, we have what appears to be Mrs. Booth's reply to the foregoing.

" . . . Perhaps it would be better to wait until you have read all the books which have reference

to the doctrine, management, and discipline of the Army . . . anything that restrains you, until you are fully persuaded in your own mind, will prove a blessing in the end. . . . I am so anxious on the one hand that you should not be pressed, and on the other hand lest you should lose anything spiritually. All I can do is to commend you to God continually. . . . The way to find out all about the Army is to go about in it."

We have no material for analysing further the negotiations between Frank Crossley and the leaders of the Salvation Army. It is sufficient to say that he did not feel clear about signing the Articles of War, for reasons which we are left to guess, and which we should probably find out if we contemplated signing them ourselves (*e.g.* there is the eschatological question) ; but he remained the warm and close friend of the Booths, and a staunch supporter of their wonderful work.

There was, indeed, for some time an intermission of the intimate friendship, and a modification of the material support. This was due to false reports which were brought to him from a trusted servant of the Army as to the inner working of the machine. They caused him untold pain, and when, after the lapse of several years, the person who fabricated them confessed his error, the old friendship and

intimacy was in some measure revived ; and perhaps even to these matters the rule of the old Latin writer will apply, that “ the estrangements of lovers are the revival of love.”



THE OLD STAR HALL.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER V

A LETTER TO MISS ELLICE HOPKINS

“FAIRLIE, *Thursday, April 3.*

“MY DEAR AND LOVING FRIEND,—The boy's sweet spirit has fled !

“All through his little life there were those strange sayings that people think are only uttered by children that the God-man needs for the heaven beyond. Once on Ella's birthday, about five or six years ago, he left the children's party and came to a friend alone in the drawing-room, and climbing on her knee, said, ‘Only a few more trials, only a few more tears,’ and then off again to his games ! It was so severed from all connection, that it was well remembered.

“And nearly as long ago, his mother asked him if he loved us best of all ; and, ‘Yes, only God !’ was the strange reply. He used to say the word God, too, in a tone quite peculiar to himself, and with rare reverence in it.

“We had such a sweet leave-taking yesterday at about 4 o'clock. Such a loving heart as Richie's is rarely found. No murmuring all through the weary awful fourteen days, and perfect peace at the

conscious close. 'You have borne it well, my darling,' I said, 'have you Christ's peace in your heart now.' 'Lord, I have,' with his own deep emphasis ; and then, 'Kiss me.'

"The little mind wandered soon after that, and I think the last sad hour of half-unconscious restlessness his spirit was not there.

"Oh ! God has done us such good in this sorrow. It has been the cutting of a cord that was instantly and for ever knotted again inextricably. And we have had such a revelation of sympathy from all our friends ; and people, too, outside the boundary have been just full of kindness to us. The love of sorrow is a beautiful thing. It stands looking at far better than the love of joy. It seems so washed from self. . . . My dear, dear wife has borne it splendidly, but is very low in health. . . .—Always affectionately yours in the faith of Christ,

"F. W. CROSSLEY."

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. CROSSLEY SELL OUT THEIR "PREFERENCE" SHARES IN SUBURBAN BOWDON AND INVEST IN "ORDINARY" STOCK IN URBAN ANCOATS; AND SOME NOTES ON THE RESULTS OF THE CHANGE

THE home at Fairlie was now become a centre of religious influence, from which emanated all sorts of schemes for the social and religious regeneration of Manchester. If an invisible hand had not written on its walls the legends, "This is not your rest;" "Arise, let us go hence!" and "Here we have no continuing city," it is quite probable that the place might have become a little Mecca for progressive evangelicals in the north of England. The saints did not come unrecognised, nor the sinners go away unpitied and unwarned. The suffering world soon finds out the radiant points from which the Divine helpfulness, so far as it is localised, is diffused; and some people began to turn to Mr. and Mrs. Crossley both for leadership and for various forms of human consolation.¹ But as time went on, they became more and more convinced that God was calling them to a closer fellowship with the actual life of

¹ Likely enough some sharks also began to follow the ship. In these warm seas there must be sharks!

the people, and to a more exact knowledge of the problem as to how they manage to live at all, whether in the body or in the spirit.

One thing that helped them forward in the new path was that Mrs. Crossley had become as keen a Salvationist as her husband. Those who may find it difficult to explain either the theology or the psychology of the change that passed over Frank Crossley's thought and life will perhaps not be so perplexed over the fact that Mrs. Crossley came to agree with him completely. They will say, "As the husband is, the wife is"; verily, and God be praised that it often is so. Otherwise the Apostle had vainly written the encouragement, "How knowest thou, O husband, if thou shalt save thy wife? or thou, wife, thy husband?" Certainly, in the kingdom of heaven they have a way of "sitting each at other's feast," and "enjoying each the other's good." The *tête-à-tête* of every-day intercourse is the natural prologue to the *cœur-à-cœur* of the kingdom of heaven. Blessed is the married life in which, when the Master reveals Himself in the home, hearts burn together at the sweetness, the dripping honeycomb of His speech.

Frank Crossley rejoiced greatly when the enlargement of heart which he had felt became the experience also of his wife. In his humility he said that she had jumped miles ahead of him in spiritual things; or as though he had come along by a

slow train, and she had caught him up by the express. He always talked that way, calling himself a slow reader, a slow thinker, a slow traveller Zionward, and slow of heart to believe. But for all that it took an express train to catch him; and he was not so foolish as to suppose that we can mend people's pace by waiting for them. First or second, fast or slow, they came into a blessed unity of motion in the Lord's service. If it had not been so, it would, perhaps, neither have been right nor practicable for Frank Crossley to leave Fairlie. He would, probably, have had to take up his cross and stay there, instead of taking up his cross and going elsewhere.

The determination to leave Bowdon must have been growing on him for a long while. Miss Leonard, the American evangelist, relates that when she visited the Crossleys at Fairlie, and the conversation at table one day turned on "Consecration to God and what it involved," Mr. Crossley said, "We think a great deal about consecration, and talk a great deal about it, but I do not think that this house looks consecration." Then he added, "We scarcely know where to begin."

For some years he had been closely engaged, along with his brother, in the mission attached to their own works at Openshaw, but now the time seemed to have arrived for leaving this work in the hands of Mr. William Crossley, and breaking fresh

ground. Accordingly he began to look about for the right and providential opening, especially for such an opening as should be most in accordance with the Pauline rule of not building on another man's foundation, but where the Gospel was not already preached, or so inadequately preached as not to count for much. He would find the nearest thing at home that answered to the "We turn to the Gentiles" of apostolic days; according as it is written—

"To whom he was not spoken of,
They shall see;
And they that have not heard
Shall understand." —*Rom. xv. 21.*

Moreover, both Mr. and Mrs. Crossley were anxious to make new experiments in the matter of the saving power of a high gospel, and wished to see what would follow if advanced truths were proclaimed to degraded, or at all events to very simple people.

Their thoughts were directed to Ancoats, where there was an old music-hall known as the "Star." It was the worst place of the kind in Manchester, and the clergyman of the next parish suggested to Mr. Crossley that he should turn it into a mission-hall. So plans were laid for pulling down the whole block of buildings and putting in their place an attractive hall for meetings, with residences attached for the workers, and bath-rooms and coffee-rooms and the like for the outward needs of the population around.

A most complete and attractive pile of buildings was erected at a cost of over £20,000.

While the work was in progress, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley were for some time in doubt as to what was to be done with the new centre, and as to the hands in which it was to be placed. I think that, while they were quite clear that the old "Star" was to be pulled down, and were ready to do the Lord's will in pulling it down and in rebuilding it, they still thought that it would be wise to put the Salvation Army in possession, and to locate a band of their trained workers on the premises. But as the buildings approached completion, the message came to them, "Go and work there yourselves," and with a Hallelujah of assent they pulled up their stakes and folded up their tent. "Burningly it came on them all at once, this was the place." Their inward guidance was very distinct: they felt that the increased spiritual life which they had received ought to be employed in personal efforts amongst the poor, and the suffering, and the degraded in one of those districts where one never has to ask the question whether we have the poor always with us or not, because one never has any one else. Their determination to live and work for Ancoats was the direct outcome of the spiritual baptisms which they had received, and this is why we said at the beginning of this memoir that the real geographical description of Ancoats is not that it is a district in the east of Manchester, but that it is a

village lying at the foot of the Mountain of Transfiguration.

The first meeting in the Star Hall was held at 7 A.M., August 4, 1889, and from that time until now the work has gone on and prospered, not indeed without hindrance nor without disappointment, but with such continuous and abiding tokens of the Lord's favour, that it would have been impossible for the workers at any time even to wonder, much less to doubt, whether they had been wisely guided in the step which they had taken.¹

For a little while the attempt was made to work the Star from Bowdon, but it did not take long to

¹ The following is the invitation that was circulated at the opening of the Star Hall:—

“STAR BUILDINGS, POLLARD STREET,
ANCOATS, *Sunday, Aug. 4, 1889.*”

“DEAR COMRADES,—The Star Hall and Buildings have been put up because we believe in present Salvation—that is to say, we believe in a Divine Power able to join men to God here and now. This Power cleanses the soul from all sin, filling it with love, joy, peace, and rest. It takes hold of men, no matter how rough or painful their outward circumstances may be—perhaps, indeed, the rougher the better! Jesus said: ‘Blessed be ye poor.’ It is only necessary to look at the faces of the crowd to see how few have felt anything of this. There are many places in which these facts [of the Gospel] are made known, but there are not enough. Evil is too hard at work in opposition. Ten Publics to one Church or Chapel is a striking object-lesson. We therefore thank God for giving us opportunity of adding another centre of Christian effort, in which, to suit many still unsatisfied needs, meetings will be conducted on lines of greater freedom than usual. Mr. S. Horatio Hodges, late of the Salvation Army and Holiness Army, will lead in many of these, and take a general oversight of the work. Miss Cowen, who for some years has been one of the best known, most gifted, and most helpful of Manchester lady evangelists, will similarly take a principal part, more especially, though not exclusively, amongst the women and girls of the district. Mrs. Hodges and others will

see that the sooner the last ropes were cut and the last bridges burned behind them, the sooner they were likely to gather in the tokens of Divine approbation on the work. By November 1889 Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, with some other workers, were actually in residence in Ancoats. The step was made somewhat easier by the fact that two of the boys were away at school, and by a little arrangement for their vacations, the rest of the family were free to live where they pleased. From the first our beloved friends felt it to be their privilege and their commission to proclaim the doctrine of Holiness, and to set before the people the highest spiritual standard. It was a bold thing to do in a low and degraded neighbourhood, where even the A B C of salvation had to be learned. But the testimony of experience has been, that the setting forth of Christ in all His fulness and power as a present Saviour from all sin has been the means of saving the lowest. Some of the brightest men and women in the ranks at the Star to-day are those who have turned from lives of horrible sin, and in the very beginning of their new

also assist. We invite you to meet with us to open the principal Hall of these buildings, that we may tell you of the wonderful love God has shown in sending His Son Jesus to this world. We have experienced this love ourselves, having found Jesus to be a real Saviour, One who saves from sin and saves to holiness. We have, therefore, no hesitation in offering you the same salvation. Come and join hands with us in receiving and spreading this blessed knowledge. Let us start in faith and expectation, with the Lord Jesus as Captain, and determined through Him to make this effort a thorough success.

F. W. CROSSLEY.
EMILY CROSSLEY."

lives of faith have learned how to receive that blessed Baptism of Divine Love and Power which, when fully received, banishes sin altogether from the heart. These have gone right on, and have daily manifested the power of God to keep them from evil, and have not only developed a spiritual yearning after the souls of their fellows, but have been enriched with remarkable success in their efforts at bringing others, degraded as they themselves once were, to the knowledge of God.

"The plunge," says Mrs. Crossley, "was a big one, but it proved to be the right thing, and we have never regretted it." Manchester opened its eyes to see what was going on, and kept them open, for a while at least, in astonishment. It was talked about on 'Change; the baths, the forum, gabbled thereof; but better than that, it was talked about amongst the working classes, and working-men have been overheard saying that "there be many more as ought to do the same." From the secularist side they had a hearty welcome, and a special meeting was arranged for their reception. Manchester people are readily touched to fine issues; conscience in them is a keener thing, when it exists at all, than in most parts of the country, and love is a warmer flame. But there was something better than being appreciated, there was the new power of appreciating. Our friends found that the constant contact with these loyal and loving Lancashire people made

their relationship with them so close, that much, if not all, of the class prejudice disappeared, and they found amongst their new environment some of their warmest and most trustworthy friends. With these people, if one can really get to know them, the cold conventionality of the upper and middle classes does not exist, and when the heart is reached, you are likely to know it. And if the aim of the Christian worker is to introduce the people to a Divine heart of love, half the battle is won when mutual affection has been established.

There are, however, in Ancoats the same terrible obstacles to social progress and to holy living that exist elsewhere. The power of drink is colossal, and the people are crushed and broken under it. The same feeling which sometimes makes thoughtful persons, who have many workmen in their employ, say that they cannot understand how a man *can* be a great employer of labour and not become an abstainer, is constantly the experience of the Christian worker in such districts as Ancoats, where one can hardly be an observer of human life at all without seeing the rocks upon which it goes to wreck. It is a mistake to reckon drunkenness as one of the seven devils that have to be ejected from the soul ; it counts for seventy times seven devils on its own account.

Our brethren at the Star could verify this for us. You, for instance, J. R., who have been fished up

by the Master out of very dirty water, and have been used by Him to fish up a lot of other poor fellows, do you remember when you used to get your living by painting and adorning the outsides of public-houses, and your dying by swallowing the insides of them? You have not forgotten the day when you went out to get medicine for a dying brother, and drank the money all up before you could get to the nearest drug-store (the government of the great city having arranged that there shall always be a public nearer than any other place of business to the doors of ninety-nine hundredths of the people). You had a hard path in travelling from Delirium Tremens to the Cross that saves us ; but it will never be out of your mind that one day the Salvation Army had a word for you. Nor was it long before you found your way to the Star Hall, and learnt there certain wonderful things about a Saviour who saves to the uttermost ; and there was a man that day who nailed into the floor of the hall a tin tack, that he might remember the spot where, in answer to his prayers, he found the exceeding grace of the Lord.

And you, Sister H., do you remember the power that drink had over you, and how you came into the Star one day after your husband, and had enough sense to know that you were too drunk to sit with him, and went into a corner and sat down where you thought no one could see you? You are well

saved to-day and a follower of the Lamb ; but do you remember how Brother Crossley came down from the platform that day and came to you and said, "Sister H., Jesus loves you ;" and took you by the hand. And some one said, "Eh ! no ; if He does, He is the only one as does," which wasn't quite true, considering that there was some one helping the Lord in the business ? And do you remember how he kept your hand, and went on saying, 'Sister H., Jesus does love you,' until some one went home with a thought in her heart that led her to salvation in spite of the devil and the drink ? And as we are talking of love being stronger than the drink and stronger than all sin, you won't be likely to forget that when you were sick, Brother Crossley visited you himself and brought you the jugs of soup in his own hands ; and when your eyes were bad, went home and fetched a lotion for you and washed your eyes with it himself. You are like the rest of us in having learned a lot of what we know about the love of God by what we saw in Brother Crossley.

In this search after lost souls, and the effort to reach that which is capable of a spiritual response in them, it is love that does the work, and not talking about love. "Moral warmth," as the author of *Ecce Homo* says, "does cleanse." But moral warmth is a different thing from treatises on moral thermodynamics. Very little is gained by discourses on

love, either divine or human. The didactic element soon disappears, and the creed is lost in the Christ if the flame of love be genuine and not merely painted. Even the drink gives way before that, and yet we can't help wishing and praying that the Government would be a little more loving too, and that it would either shut half of the places up where they sell the stuff or put them on as half-timers. For I think if they shut up one half, they would soon see so much good of the step as to go on and shut up the other.

Sister H., you could tell us something about this. You know how Mr. and Mrs. Crossley helped you to hold on, and how you *did* hold on for fear of disappointing them. Do you remember, too, the family that Mr. Crossley brought you one day for the bath ; five children there were, and their mother was in hospital, and father had taken to drink ? You had the job of tackling those five dirty and neglected children, while Mr. Crossley had them rigged out in clean clothes, and burnt the old ones ; and then sent the youngsters upstairs to play with his own little boy ! and do you remember that that was the way the man and his wife both got saved ? And perhaps you could tell us how he brought into the coffee-house a poor old man and his wife who were singing on the street one miserable day, and how he gave them something warm inside that wouldn't hurt them, and took the man's wet coat

and the woman's shawl and dried them at the fire himself.

And you, Sister B., do you remember how he used to come after your husband when he got into drink, coming for him sometimes before breakfast and keeping him about with him in the daytime, lest he should get at the drink again?

And there are many more of you, beloved friends at the Star, that could tell how good the Lord was to us through him, and how like he was to the Lord in being amongst us as one that serves other people.

But we won't try to reckon the success of the work of the Star by numbers. No doubt the place is "too hot" for some folks, and sometimes they have been frightened at the standard that is set up. Besides they *enjoy* other places of worship more, and our friends were more anxious to make people thoroughly miserable to begin with than to make them enjoy themselves.

The regular meetings at the Star were often made to give place to special services or missions conducted by some of the most honoured English and American evangelists. I think it was in the spring of 1890 that a mission was conducted at the Star by an American evangelist, named Sanford,¹ and Amanda Smith, a coloured woman, who had the "spirit of prophecy" in no small

¹ Since gone to his rest.

degree. I mention these meetings because it was in consequence of them that in the autumn of the same year a conference on Holiness was summoned, which was kept up year after year for eight years. These were very remarkable gatherings, in which the power of God to save was often realised in a wonderful degree, as those who have taken any part in them will readily testify. Amongst the teachers who gathered together at these times were found such well-known names as Mr. Thomas Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Reader Harris, Mr. Gregory Mantle, Mr. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Gelson Gregson, the brothers Govan, Miss Leonard, and others too numerous to mention, whom the command to declare what they had "tasted, handled, and felt of the Word of Life" had brought to the front. The large hall, which holds about a thousand persons, was often filled at such times.

No doubt there arose in some quarters misunderstanding with regard to what was actually taught at the Star, for the doctrine was mystical, and the requirements associated therewith were stringent. In spiritual matters as well as in social life, "whispering tongues can poison truth." It was reported that Mr. Crossley claimed an exaggerated and impossible perfection. One lady who came to the meetings went away and reported that Mr. Crossley stood on the platform and said "Hallelujah! I am perfect." Certainly nothing was further from his thought.

What he had really said on that occasion was that "we do not teach absolute perfection, which is an attribute of God alone, but we do teach Christian perfection, and we believe that we can be perfect as *men and women* according to the command (which carries with it an underlying promise), "Ye shall be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." In reference to his own experience, the safest guide is his own note-books and papers, and it appears from them conclusively that he tested every step which he took, either in doctrine or practice, very carefully; and that, so far from identifying sanctification with an outburst of joy, however exquisite, he habitually went deeper than all mere emotions, exploring for the cross of Christ, and oftentimes marvelling and questioning whether he were yet completely identified therewith.¹ It was no light or easy thing for him to say, "I am crucified with Christ to the world, and the world to me."

Here are some notes extracted from his own papers, with regard to the problem of his personal Union with God by the Way of the Cross:—

¹ As late as 1890 he was still under exercise as to whether he had "made the sacrifice complete" in regard to things outward. Though he was living with the poor and for the poor, he had not positively become poor. A note in his text-book under March 20 of this year is as follows: "Day of wonderful blessing, followed by a sense of perfect love. I had told the Lord to take away my money if it would glorify Him to do so. It proved a struggle, but it was done, and the evening was full of heavenly ecstasy and sense of cleansing."

"I desire to consecrate and dedicate myself absolutely to the Lord, and in a way far deeper than before, far more radical and searching—absolutely leaving this to the Lord to fill in and complete beyond the scanty terms of my thought, to any extent—to an absolute extent.

"I not only say 'God first,' but God first, middle, and last, God everywhere and always, my all adorable Master, in Jesus my all adorable Saviour. Even as I write this I feel it as well to do so, and that God accepts and sends some assurance of sanctification and filling with the Spirit at this very moment. 'Lord, it belongs not to my care whether I die or live.' Death, in the common sense, passes out of sight when entire consecration is offered and entire sanctification comes in sight. Death is now like the mirage.

"I beseech my Lord to show me fully what is His desire, and keep me continuously in the attitude of listening for His expression of it in my heart. Glory to God! my spirit is more free.

"I beseech Him absolutely to destroy the 'self,' bad and good of the 'natural,' and give me the abiding possession of the Holy Ghost in my new heart with all His gifts and graces instead of mine."

.

"I was praying when the Lord filled me with a new kind of faith and joy—a faith and a conscious-

ness of cleansing (somewhat wavering, but *quite different from any previous sense*). I felt, and feel loosed from my infirmity of fear to testify. I feel the 'Star' is all right, for I have an indwelling Christ to speak of, and whom alone I want to uphold and let Him shine forth. He gave me the special word of His own, 'All things are possible to Him that believeth.' O Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

"The beginning of the matter was a quite new appetite for His word. I hungered for it, and ate it up as never exactly before, then to prayer, and then this blessing. . . . More especially has come now the desire to get other souls into the blessing, and the sense of commission and direction to speak to them."

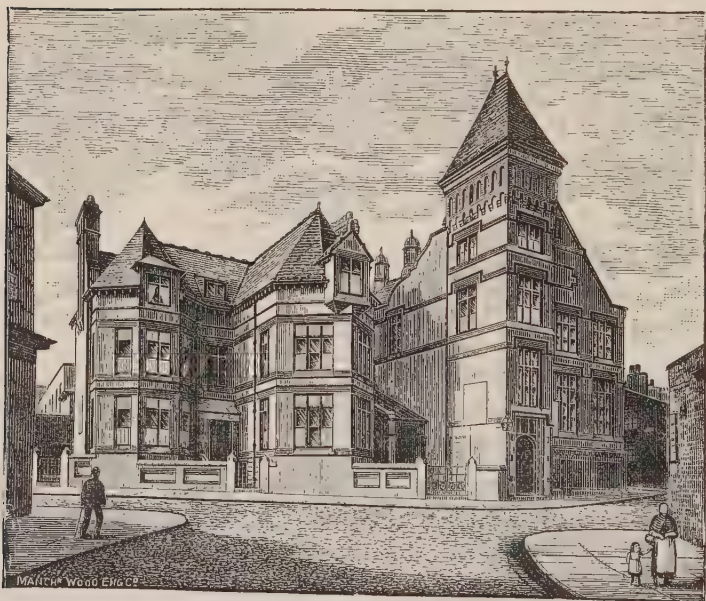
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"This day is the first whole day in my life in which I have believed Jesus has cleansed my soul, *i.e.* fully believed it."

We shall get some more light with regard to his experience and teaching when we refer in a subsequent chapter to certain marginal notes from his favourite authors, and some further extracts from the pencillings in his pocket-books.

Meanwhile enough has been said to show that the Lord honoured the step which was taken when Frank Crossley and his wife and daughter commenced

work in Ancoats. There was some disappointment, perhaps, that the work did not spread more widely ; but, as it is contained in the extract which we have just transcribed, "*the Star is all right.*"



THE NEW STAR HALL.

CHAPTER VII

WHICH TREATS BRIEFLY OF A CERTAIN DESCENT
INTO HADES, THE ACCOUNT OF WHICH MAY
BE PASSED OVER BY THE ORDINARY READER.

THERE is a beautiful sonnet addressed by Lowell to William Lloyd Garrison, in which he speaks of his noble services to suffering humanity as a cleaving to the fortunes of the weaker part—

“ He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes ;

.
therefore he went .

And humbly joined him to the weaker part.”

Frank Crossley was animated by the same zeal ; he at any rate was a member of the “union of those who love in the service of those who suffer.” I do not think it is possible to represent his life justly, unless one keeps this in mind. It is not necessary, nor would it be useful, to enumerate all the societies to which he belonged, nor all the Quixotisms (as the world counts them) in which he assisted. The world at large hates reform, and barely tolerates reformers. Even such a simple thing as to suggest that the likeliest way to help a drunken man who had fallen into the gutter, is to deprive him of facilities for

falling into it a second time, is Quixotic to our nerveless politicians and legislators. If they do not boldly enunciate the principle that whatever is is right, they at least hold that it is not so far wrong that it needs our interference; and every one who does not think that the principle of *laissez aller* is an exact equivalent of National Righteousness is for them a Quixote, thrashing the air and charging desperately at the harmless and necessary windmill.

Nevertheless even amongst those who have been thus ticketed with a big Q there are not a few whose real verdict will be at the last that they obtained a good report through their faith. Possibly, too, in the end the approbation may come sooner than we sometimes have ventured to hope. Good men and blessed women are occasionally found out before their time of going home. If one could only hope that such might be the case with those who have been fighting God's hardest battle in this world, the battle to deliver a degraded and down-trodden womankind from the lusts of wicked men! I heard not long since that an optimist had expressed the opinion that this generation would not let Josephine Butler go hence without according her a funeral in Westminster Abbey. His judgment was right in the matter of desert, and one can only hope that it may not turn out in the sequel to have been unduly optimist. Certainly while militarism is so increasingly rampant amongst us, we are hardly likely to hear

of honours heaped, either in life or death, on those who have struck at the evils for which the military system is one of the chief sponsors.

Frank Crossley, as may be guessed from this brief prologue, joined himself to the brave company who have been fighting the battle against vice (including State-protected vice) in the community. He did not come under the definition of a holy man which was once given me by an Arab dragoman, who in reply to my inquiry as to what constituted the sanctity of a certain Moslem saint, "What does he do?" replied, "He do nothing; he very holy man!" The fugitive and cloistered virtue would hardly have been regarded by him as virtue at all. So he threw in his lot with Mrs. Butler, and Miss Ellice Hopkins, and Professor Stuart, and the Booths, and the rest of the good people who have been in Hades for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.

With Miss Ellice Hopkins he was in constant communication and co-operation. I do not quite know how he first came into sympathy with the important Vigilance and Rescue work that Miss Hopkins was doing. Research into such matters is not attractive, though we have no wish to avoid it. As Miss Hopkins says, "These dismal mud-swamps grow nothing that can be gathered, no anecdotes, no interesting illustrations, no quaint incidents, only Stygian growths with muddy roots, too terrible and foul to weave into any wreath."

Perhaps his interest was aroused by a diocesan meeting which Bishop Fraser called at Manchester, in which Miss Hopkins revealed the festering evil underneath the thin and gilded surface of our modern life, in such a way as to make strong men tremble. But whatever was the starting-point, Frank Crossley became a secretary of the Vigilance work at Manchester, by which some valuable results were achieved. One very remarkable meeting of Manchester business-men on the subject was probably due to his initiative, and deserves special attention. Dr. Fraser was in the chair, and was supported amongst others by Dr. M'Laren and Cardinal Vaughan. I believe this is the only time that a Roman Catholic prelate appeared on the platform of this movement. Dr. Fraser had rather the character of seeing too exclusively the difficulties of a question, and when his turn came to sum up as chairman of a meeting had a reputation for pouring floods of cold water on any fires that might have been kindled. But on this occasion he poured fire instead of water. "The whole man," says Miss Hopkins, "seemed to burst into living flame, scorching with something of the passion of his Master, the baseness of this wholesale degradation of women by men who ought to have been their protectors." And he was followed in no less earnest vein by Manchester's other bishop, Dr. M'Laren, who dealt with the subject now from the point of view that requires

the "scorn of scorn," and then with the passion that springs from the "love of love." Probably there were few who attended that meeting, with its revelation of what were the duties of a true manhood, who will ever forget what they heard. Do you say you would like to have been there, good reader? It might have done more to sadden the world for you than you can readily imagine.

Mr. Crossley devoted much thought and energy to rousing the police to the use of the powers which the law confers upon them for the suppression of disorderly houses. A society for the prevention of the degradation of women and children was formed, and worked for some years very effectively.¹ I understand that it was ultimately merged in the National Vigilance Society of London.

The Preventive and Rescue Homes which Mr. and Mrs. Crossley managed at Bowdon and Cheetham Hill have also been of great service. There were some who thought that the only result of this campaign against vice would be that, expelled from the city, it would settle in and poison the suburbs. Frank Crossley's argument was that "if you make the trade of the wretched women who keep such houses unprofitable, they will give it up." And it

¹ How necessary such work was may be gathered from a single fact. Amongst those that were rescued from horrible danger and degradation, was one poor girl, whose fair, childish body was bruised all over with blows and kicks, bestowed on her because she had refused to be enticed into wrong.

is certain that the statistics show a marvellous diminution in the number of disreputable houses returned as known to the police. But it is precisely at this point that we must be careful not to be led away by the statistics. We have no real means of knowing how far vice in Manchester has been diminished by the repressive measures against it. And the statistics themselves, however encouraging (and in some respects they are marvellously so), are fatally affected, at least in one quarter of Manchester, by the suspicion that the police in that quarter were all the while in league with the law-breakers. So that we cannot, as far as this part of Manchester is concerned, point to the reduction in the number of disorderly houses known to the police, without remembering, what indeed the Vigilance people more than half suspected from the beginning, that the words "not known to the police" meant that certain public officials were suspected to have shut one eye and winked with the other.

Still I do not think that the results of the Manchester campaign are anything short of satisfactory and encouraging. For if it should turn out that so much has been accomplished in the suppression of open vice, when the executive for suppression is hostile or unsympathetic, what may we not look for when the community refuses to be satisfied with good laws against bad men and women, and demands in addition that the Executive shall live up to the laws?

We have alluded above to the Preventive Homes established in Bowdon. These two houses were built for the shelter of girls rescued from dangerous surroundings, and held about thirty inmates each. They were built entirely by Mr. Crossley ; and though he gladly accepted contributions towards their maintenance from others, yet the greater part of their regular cost, as well as the initial expense, came out of his own pocket. One of these homes is still carried on ; the other has been transferred to the Christian Policemen's Association. A larger home, established in Manchester for much worse cases, and holding about sixty-five women, was managed at first by the City Mission, then by Mr. and Mrs. Crossley directly, and it has now been handed over to Mrs. Bramwell Booth and the Salvation Army.

We have had a somewhat difficult chapter to write, and anything further that may be said on the subject should be said in his own words, which we append. For us it is probably sufficient to gather the lesson which attaches itself naturally to this part of his life ; when he realised the call of duty to take up this arduous and loathsome work, he did it as one that went to Christ "without the camp, bearing his reproach." It is idle to speculate whether Manchester is the better for his sacrificial spirit ; it must be better, or heaven and earth are rottenness and stubble. Such men revitalise the Christian creed, and prevent its leading formulæ from falling into

disuse or decay ; and the community in which they live owes them a lasting debt of gratitude for their struggles to initiate sweeter manners, and to fashion purer laws.

I have added to this chapter an address of his own before a Vigilance meeting at Leamington. It will show his wise, yet faithful method of dealing with his social problem ; if the problem is ours also, we shall find much to imitate in the manner of dealing with it.¹ Perhaps some of our readers will prefer to omit this address, and go on at once to the eighth chapter ; and for their convenience we will relegate the address to an Appendix at the end of the book.

¹ At a later date than the events recorded above, he was able to support the brave American ladies, Mrs. Andrew and Miss Bushnell, who let in the daylight on the working of certain Acts in India, and the sacrifice of native women to British military exigency.

CHAPTER VIII

IS CONCERNED CHIEFLY WITH HIS VIEWS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

THE Star Hall, which had been converted by Mr. Crossley to his own uses, and to the uses of the Kingdom, was soon a centre of light and influence, not only for Manchester, but for the country-side generally. A home for deaconesses was established in one of the buildings, where, under the care of Miss Watson, a number of young women have been trained in the elements of mission work, both for home and abroad. There was thus a corps of workers always on hand to engage in the details of evangelistic work in Ancoats, and from thence they were sent from time to time into such fields, near or far, as seemed to be whitening for a spiritual harvest. Notably has this been the case with work in India, to which a number of Star deaconesses have gone, not with the view of forming fresh missions, but to help and encourage those that are already in existence.

Such a focus of evangelistic activity, with a gospel whose sound was beginning to spread into the remote parts of the world, was of necessity a

place where a definite doctrine was taught. The workers and the missionaries of the Star carried with them a testimony to what they described as a full salvation, and not a little criticism was provoked by their presentation of it. It is not, therefore, out of place to say a few words more on the subject of the Star doctrine—that is, the doctrine of Mr. Crossley and his most intimate friends and workers.

Mr. Crossley, as will have been gathered from the foregoing pages, went through a long period of uncertainty in the earlier part of his religious life; he felt driven to question everything that passed as accepted religious formulæ, and to verify by his own consciousness, or by his own personal inquiry, those truths which he proposed to teach. He would not be satisfied until he had an answer to a difficult question, which he could give in the form of a written argument, or which he could use as a reply to the man in the street. It was a working theology he was in search of, and a fighting theology; and in order to secure it he was prepared to immolate any number of preconceived opinions. He made, as we have shown, at quite an early period, a holocaust of his Calvinistic views, using Erskine of Linlathen as a torch. I do not think he would have reiterated the doctrine that “God is Love” in the way that was so characteristic of his teaching, if he had suspected it to be a mere dogma, accom-

panied by an *arrière pensée*. And the same relentless method appears to have been applied by him all round the circle of his theological beliefs. And it is not a little interesting that the man who thus criticised his beliefs, and his books, and his friends, and himself, finished by accepting, without substantial variation, all, or almost all, of what passes under the name of evangelical theology. If, for instance, he were asked whether Christ died for the sins of the world, he would reply promptly that he could not conceive any other reason for His dying that was satisfactory or adequate, seeing that the records plainly show that He knew what He was moving towards, and equally plainly declare His natural aversion to such a conclusion of His life. He was satisfied that the Son of Man had the intention to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and His intention was accepted as being God's revelation on the matter. "The Son gave," was rewritten as "the Father gave."

Concerning this question and similar and associated questions, there arose no criticism that I know of on the part of religious people ; and it is difficult to see how any such criticism could be made, seeing that in all the main matters that are incorporated in the Christian Confession, his *Credo* was as hearty as that of any who might call for its recitation.

The difficulty came in when Mr. Crossley began

to treat of the Christian creed as the avenue to the Christian character, and to write under it in large letters the words, "What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness!" If the Atonement of Christ were real, it did not stop short with the forgiveness of sin, but it was, at the same time, a covenant of sanctification. The answer to the question as to what manner of persons we ought to be was to be found in the Master's own words, "Perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." The proclamation of these views, even with the limitations proper to human littleness, met with a good deal of opposition, which lasted from the time of their first enunciation at the Star Conventions for Holiness right up to the time of his death. I think it was in connection with the first of these memorable conventions that he wrote an apologetic letter to the *Manchester Guardian*,¹ explaining the kind of moral and spiritual perfection that was taught at the Star, and pointing out that it was the same doctrine that had been taught in earlier times by George Fox, Madame Guyon, John Wesley, Fletcher of Madeley, and others. It was a curious confession, and proved that the doctrine of Holiness brings the seekers after it into unexpected proximity with unlikely people. Why should Frank Crossley spring upon the good people of Manchester, as credentials of orthodoxy,

¹ November 7, 1890.

these allusions to people whose reputation has barely escaped the charge of fanaticism? Why should an appeal be made to the teaching of Fox, as to some Tridentine decree, whose validity would be at once recognised? The world has never endorsed Fox's mysticism, nor the Church. He has been praised for substituting fixed prices for the older and more Oriental manner of trade; but who, either in the Church or the world, ventured to endorse him for "coming up through the flaming sword into the Paradise of God," where "the whole creation had gotten a new smell" for him, "beyond what words could utter"?

Why should he quote a French Catholic lady as an authorised divine, capable of dispensing certificates of orthodoxy to people whose views have been challenged; and she, too, a woman who spent most of her time in prison in the Castle of Vincennes, and other agreeable State-provided retirements, on the ground that she had set the Church in an uproar by her doctrine of disinterested love to God, who was held to be a supreme attraction to the soul, apart from any gifts or gains that may be involved in the fact of having loved Him?

And even in appealing to Wesley for protection, it was clear, from the associated names, that it was not Wesley the divine so much as Wesley the mystic that was being called to the rescue, the one that

translated Tersteegen's adorations into grand English hymns, and taught us to sing—

“ Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend ? ”

The *Manchester Guardian* is certainly a liberal paper, and an enlightened; they can digest a Catholic or so, now and then (indeed some suspect them of being too fond of that school); they have a taste for theology, too, as a great newspaper ought to have; and yet we cannot help suspecting that the sub-editor, even when sheltered by the conventional irresponsibility of an editor for the opinions of his correspondents, must have been strangely puzzled over the apology of Mr. Crossley. Perhaps he settled it by saying, “He only means that he has turned Methodist,” and marked the letter for a front place. But that was just what Frank Crossley did not mean. He meant that he had rediscovered some ancient Christian truths, and that he was also rediscovering the saints that held them. But this is not an apology, it is a confession of faith; it is a refrain from the *Te Deum*, a desire to be “numbered with the saints in glory everlasting,” accompanied by an indication of the people that were meant by the saints. It is delightfully naïve as a method in theology, and we have our secret doubts whether a diocesan synod, or any gathering of ecclesiastical notables, would quite know what

to make of a man who entrenched himself behind a fence made up of Friends, Quietists, and Methodists. How many, do you suppose, in an average ecclesiastical gathering, would confess to having studied George Fox's "Journal," Madame Guyon's "Short Method of Prayer," and Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection"? That question comes so near to the old Scotch one as to how many there are of the elect, that I suppose it had better be left unanswered. It is clear that Frank Crossley had become a Mystic, and was trying to say so in broken language taken from the history of the Church.

If he supposed that his explanations were likely to dispel the misunderstandings caused by his doctrine, he was soon undeceived. In these matters those who stopped short of his own profound consecration would take care to dissociate themselves from anything that might seem extreme or fanatical in his doctrine and practice, and would thus secure for him, at least on the ecclesiastical side, as much isolation as might be required for his growth in grace.

It is curious that even the obituary notices in the newspapers did not keep clear of these popular impressions. Most of these were unduly flattering, and for that reason, if for no other, we make small use of them; he did not live for human praise, and he would not have wished his death to be the signal

for adulation. But there is one such notice which illustrates strikingly what I mean.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* remarked of his work that "Star Hall became the centre of a Christian ideal which, though theologically somewhat erratic, was yet luminous with the perfection of obedience which it strove to offer to the commands of Jesus Christ." The contradiction in the two halves of that sentence is delightful. He tried to obey Christ perfectly, but people say he was a perfectionist. Yet the newspaper did but reflect what was said of him popularly, and probably had no perception of the self-contradiction involved in its judgment.¹ If the perfection of obedience to Jesus Christ involves or consists with theological errancy, it is a bad day for the traditional theology, but a very good day for the one whose theology is his obedience.

But in dealing with this question we must not be captious. It is best to admit that people were perplexed over his statements and confessions, and that they did not see how to reconcile them, not only

¹ While we are on this obituary, it will comfort our friends in Manchester to know that the *Liverpool Daily Post* prefaces its discourse by a statement that "the balanced mind recognises that a monopoly of either virtue or truth is seldom found in one place, or in a single community. . . . Liverpool may learn a lesson from Manchester in the life of its unique citizen, Mr. F. W. Crossley"! How grateful the people of Manchester will be to their monopolist neighbour for the discovery that virtue and truth have not yet been appropriated exclusively by the Mersey Dock Commissioners, and that some good thing may perhaps have come out of the little Northern Nazareth! The odd thing is that Frank Crossley was not, strictly speaking, a Nazarene at all. A balanced mind might have even found some ground for attaching him to Liverpool.

with theology, but also with the nature of things. Here was a man who professed to verify, and taught other people to verify, the promises which the Scriptures make of a partaking in the Divine Nature, and of an escaping the corruption that is in the world through lust. In explaining what had taken place, or what was taking place in his own experience, he used all sorts of figurative language, borrowed for the most part from the health of the body and transferred by the Scripture to the health of the soul. One heard much of a "clean heart," and had to make the best guesses one could as to what sort of thing a clean heart was. It seemed to involve something like the description which Browning makes his Arab Physician give of the physical condition of Lazarus raised from the dead—

"The body's habit wholly laudable,"

but when one stated the experience in that way—

"The spirit's habit wholly laudable,"

the objection would arise from opposite quarters, that it was not possible to have either a body or a spirit whose habit could be thus described. Nature confessed that she had not manufactured any such clean hearts, and popular theology predicted that she never would, for the whole congregation of human hearts were deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

Now the answer to such difficulties is that Nature was never expected to do anything of the kind ; and that although the doctrine of the sinfulness of the human heart is a great and important doctrine, it is the doctrine of Grace that is the "greatest of all the Catholic doctrines." What Nature cannot do, Grace accomplishes ; what the law fails in enforcing, Christ brings to pass. Deceitful hearts become honest and good hearts, and desperately wicked hearts become pure and peaceful. The only question is as to how far the work can be carried on this side of the grave. Do the promises of God require to be countersigned by Death, or is it sufficient that they be signed by Faith ? To whose order are the Scripture drafts payable ? Is it sufficient for us to set to our seal that God is true, or will the document require in addition the black seal of the last enemy ? The question is an important one, in view of the undoubtedly large blessings that are involved in the documents. Are the greatest promises of God dated forward ?

In Mr. Crossley's opinion there is a realisation of the promises of God to be known in this life that outruns our wildest dreams. Holiness is possible here and now, and not only possible but imperative. He would corroborate the promises of God from his own experience, in such a way as to make men feel that, while they were arguing upon the matter, their disputes were like those of the people in the New

Testament that it was not possible for Peter to get out of the double-locked, closely-watched prison into which he had been cast, albeit Peter himself was knocking a demonstration to the contrary upon their very door, and one little maid was steadfastly affirming that it was even so.

Perhaps the best way to understand his teaching will be to take some of his own words of invitation to the conventions of which mention has been made ; for the keynote of those blessed and memorable gatherings, where it often was verified that

“ Every knight beheld his fellow’s face
As in a glory,”

lay in the clear and ringing words that brought the children of God together, and coloured the exercises of their united faith.

The call to the Convention of 1894 is headed

THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS

“Holiness and sinfulness are opposites. Holiness is not a greyish mixture of good and evil. We cannot be holy and sinful at once ; a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Sinners are forgiven on repentance, but if they become holy they ‘cease from sin.’ A really awakened soul hungers for holiness, and starves without it. In itself, sin in no form can do good. It differs from other sorrows

and losses in this—they all can be made instruments of blessing—of the highest blessing—but sin cannot. The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against it. Grace joyfully forgives, but shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?

“Scripture, in revealing the future Kingdom, tells us that here, in this earth-life only, shall we encounter sin. When all things are made new, and the Jerusalem which is from above becomes the Home of the holy, into it shall in nowise enter anything that defileth. Therefore with earth ends, for the sanctified, the conflict with sin. How strange if, during this *one* awful solitary season of temptation, our Father should design for us a long-drawn-out, continuous, miserable defeat! Commanded to depart from iniquity yet, in this sole arena of trial, left hopelessly saturated with it! Defeated during the only opportunity of victory! How opposed to such pessimistic thought is the experience which exclaims, ‘Thanks be unto God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ!’ Victory all along the line!

“But there can be no victory unless victory is expected, and a man cannot expect what he believes cannot be received. He cannot even pray for it. The first step, therefore, is to discover what is possible, and what is promised in the Word of God. When the desire of God for us and our desire are identical, the wing of faith is unbound, the con-

sciousness of indwelling sin is removed by the Saviour, and *instead* of the briar the myrtle-tree springs up.

F. W. CROSSLEY.

"STAR HALL, ANCOATS, MANCHESTER,

October 1894."

The call to the Convention of 1895 is headed

REALITY

"In every department of the new life the awakened soul cries out with tears for Reality. No building will satisfy it now which is founded on the sand. In the vital matters of repentance, faith, pardon, and assurance, nothing less than Reality suffices, and in none of these is it striven after—'agonised' for—more than in regard to actual personal Holiness. Some of us know something about that! We are aware that it is believed we may be counted holy while sin abides within, but sin in any form casts a cloud over the life and kills the full liberty of the soul. We must be really cleansed, really filled with God. God must be first in everything, and what means the presence of sin save that somewhere He is not supreme? To harbour interior sin while counted pure in the piercing sight of God is not a possible solution of our difficulty. It is not a divinely-natural or satisfying thought, but is as hateful to us as to Him who said hard things of whited sepulchres. We cannot at once be like the

snow on the slates and the soot in the chimney. The righteousness which is by faith is of a different order. Real faith, like the faith of Abraham, has a real effect upon the heart-life. When it is in operation the whole character is purified and steadied. The ship ceases to be tossed and buffeted by every wind of doctrine and of casuistry. "We are in port when we have Thee." The decisions of conscience cease to be morbid and unstable. They are taken in faith and are final, being guided by the faithful God. Out of various courses one is chosen, and is holy, just, and good. God has directed us ; it is His and not ours. This is the righteousness which is by faith. Like Abraham's, it is received from God. It extends to both the positive and negative sides of life—to leaving Egypt and entering Canaan. The sense of unreality which surrounds the thought that God counts us holy while we remain sinful, is obvious enough. God means us to continue no longer in sin, but to walk with Him here, and now. We may not hitherto have done so, but it is the divine will that we should. We may have fallen a thousand times or ten thousand times ten thousand, yet nevertheless will He hear the prayer, 'Let nothing now my heart divide !' To this cry He answers from the pure glories of the Throne, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, having no part dark.'

"God has not two wills, whether we have had two

or not. With him is no variableness. His will is one,—‘Ye shall be holy, for I am holy.’ ‘This is the will of God, even your sanctification.’ Sin is a real thing—awfully real! so is holiness gloriously real, gloriously possible. ‘Have faith in God!’ ‘Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.’ ‘Instead of the thorn shall come up the myrtle-tree.’

F. W. CROSSLEY.

“STAR HALL, ANCOATS, MANCHESTER,
October 1895.”

In the next year (1896) the call came in the following form—

GUIDANCE AN ESSENTIAL OF HOLINESS

“Is God your leader?—or does He only rein you in? Are you personally conscious of the vast difference between these two experiences? It is well to be held back from sin, no doubt, but the joy of the God-directed, sanctified man, is certainly beyond that of the horse and mule which have no understanding, and whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle.

“There is no holiness of a radical sort without divine, positive, every-day guidance. This differs not only in degree but in kind from negative restraint. The latter may be no more than the rebuke or cry of our own alarmed conscience. Conscience is born with us, born with every man.

We possess it without choice of our own. It is liable to error like other human faculties, even though of inestimable value. But God intends us to know Him of our own free choice, and much more intimately than by laws written involuntarily upon our heart. Those latter we have in common with the heathen. They operate upon our fears. Guidance appeals to our faith.

“‘I will guide thee with mine eye,’ is a promise to God’s people which goes far ahead of conscience, and so universally is it intended to be enjoyed, that it was given even long before the coming of our Lord.

“But there is no guidance of this highest kind without the eager and abiding desire for it—a desire strong enough in its faith and intensity to survive during the severest trial and suffering.

“Direct, divine, personal guidance is the privilege of the sanctified. The sinner may sometimes wish that he had it, but not being near the Lord may seek it in some impossible way. How do you obtain your guidance? and how constantly do you seek it? These are test questions of the first importance. There is a poise of the spirit which God, when truly sought, produces. It is without bias from ‘self’ or other influence, and may be as sensitive to divine impressions as the photographer’s film is sensitive to the light. Its possession is rare, yet how to possess it is an open secret. The con-

ditions are of the simplest order—a real preference for the will of God, and an approach to Him by our Lord Jesus Christ.

“Inbred or inherited sin is no other than a born preference for our own way. Actual sin is the carrying out of this preference into practice. Holiness on the other hand is a “born-from-above” preference for the will of God, resulting in love and every-day good works. When the will of God is thus preferred and practised, sin has no longer a place within us! It is cleansed out. The sinner prays, Not Thy will, but mine be done. Jesus, our leader, and His people pray, ‘Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.’ How beautiful is this exchanged will! This is no other than that death to ‘self,’ or self-will, which we hear so much about.

“God’s perfect guidance is perfect holiness. He cannot guide us in, or into, sin. No wonder that Paul prayed, ‘That ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will’; or, that, living in the centre of it, John could exclaim, ‘Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ’; and again, ‘Whosoever abideth in Him, sinneth not.’

F. W. CROSSLEY.

“STAR HALL, ANCOATS, MANCHESTER,
October 1896.”

Probably these little broadsides, or spiritual fly-sheets, will do more to explain his position than a

detailed attempt at theological distinctions. They are only fly-sheets, however, and have all the limitations which are natural to advertisements. They serve to show what people came to the Star Hall Conventions to learn about, and how they were instructed in the methods of a purified, inspired, and God-guided life. The statements may perhaps require some expansion before they can be considered final, possibly an occasional correction also ; but the plain people who came together to Frank Crossley's great annual festival soon found out the secret of the new teaching, and even amongst the poorest and simplest there have been not a few who passed over the stream of a personal consecration and faith, and entered into the enjoyment of the Promised Land of Blessing.¹

Frank Crossley was quite convinced that God had put no insuperable obstacles in the path of the man who sought an experience of holiness in this life. "It would be strange," he once said, "if God would not make me as good as I wish to be. I thought the trouble was—that we were not as good as He wished us to be." He thought that people relied too much on their own faith, and not sufficiently on the object of that faith, the faithfulness of God.

¹ In these gatherings he had the active co-operation of many of the most spiritual teachers of the time, especially the leaders of the Pentecostal League (Mr. and Mrs. Reader Harris), George Grubb, Edward Millard, Campbell Morgan, Gelson Gregson, Gregory Mantle, J. G. Govan, the leader of the Faith Mission, C. J. Studd, and other leaders from both sides of the Atlantic.

“Our faith,” said he, “is gigantic when we see His faithfulness is gigantic. ‘Have the faith of God’ is the expression of this in a Jewish superlative. We ought not to be content with saying, ‘I hope the Lord will keep me.’ That is not complimentary to a husband.”

Writing to a friend to whom he wished to explain his position and experience, he stated the case thus :—

“Robert Barclay, a very eminent Friend, in his celebrated definition says :—

CONCERNING PERFECTION

“‘In whom this holy and pure birth is fully brought forth, the body of death and sin comes to be crucified and removed, and their hearts united and subjected to the truth, so as not to obey any suggestion or temptation of the evil one, but be free from actual sinning and transgressing of the law of God, and in that respect perfect. Yet doth this perfection still admit of a growth, and there remaineth a possibility of sinning where the mind doth not most diligently and watchfully attend unto the Lord!’

“This matter is a matter of spiritual consciousness, as well as a matter of faith. Let a man obtain an insight of what is meant by being a member of the body of Christ, or of fellowship with His Son, and presently he perceives how sin cannot enter there,

and trusts the Lord to destroy within him everything that hinders this spiritual marriage. This as a first step—a first principle—afterwards follows possibility of wonderful growth and development.

“It has often been well remarked that we can only see in anything what we bring the power to see. I do not, however, understand why we may not accept the personal testimony of friends (whose conduct commends itself to us as that of reliable and truthful people) on points where as yet our own insight is short. I am glad I have often done so. I am quite sure my attainments are indefinitely below those of multitudes of others, and I gladly look through their glasses when they give me a peep.

“There is a death to self—the old carnal self—possible through faith in God and acceptance of the high calling to which we are called (out of His unmerited and boundless love), that makes a clean heart not only an easy thing to believe in, and to expect and to possess, but a necessary thing if any adequate progress is to be made. By adequate I mean anything at all like what Paul describes as, say, ‘the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe,’ &c. &c. You remember the rest of this overflowing passage. Is it possible for a moment to suppose that a spirit not in any way at enmity with God, and in all ways reconciled to Him, and desiring the luxury of His presence and guidance

continually—is it possible that such a spirit can have a habitual acrid something within, which God who so loves compels to remain, against the will of His child, like a little rift within the lute? My dear friend, it is impossible, except where, through inferior or imperfect consecration, we fail in our own humble part in the matter.

“What men want to hear is not of our aspirations and struggles merely, however lofty these may be, and in whatever degree they may show traces of God’s spirit at work within us, but rather of something that God has already done in us, something that has made a notable change, and of which we can say ‘This hath God wrought!’”

We will close this chapter, which may seem to some to be unduly mystical and hard to grasp, with some notes of his own on the very practical problem of answered and unanswered prayer, and the place of intercessory prayer in the spiritual life.

He is writing to a friend who had

DIFFICULTIES IN RELATION TO PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER

“August 31, 1892.

“... With regard to prayer, no man of faith can go further than our Lord: ‘Let this cup pass . . . nevertheless,’ &c. Everything turns to me on the one foundation-fact that God is love—not only love

toward all, but love toward me personally, F. W. C. ! Then with that in mind I see that this Lover of my Soul directs me to pray for all things, and it is abundantly clear that answered prayer encourages faith and personal relations in a way which broad principles only cannot effect. As the *Spectator* put it many years ago, much that would be positively bad for us if given without prayer, is good if sent in answer. We feel (do we not ?) that all the evil of the world springs from mistrust of God. Nothing can recover us from this state of alienated unrest like answered prayer. Simon the Sorcerer wanted Holy-Ghost power, without asking God for it, to traffic on his own separate account. It would have been evil had he got it thus for money and not in answer to prayer. But no gift rivals the indwelling of the Giver Himself, and this can, as a rule, only be had in answer to prayer of a most earnest sort. . . .

“I think God is just teaching us while we pass through this little, but tremendous life, how badly we do without Him ; but if we turn and seek Him with the whole heart, there is soul-rest at once in Christ.”

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The argument is carried a little further in a second letter, addressed to the same friend.

“September 4, 1892.

“The point you raise—or the solution of it—is, in Ancoats phrase, ‘easier felt than telt.’ Intercessory prayer may be quite outside the range of all

human explanation, but surely, if so, it need not be incredible. I myself do not know whether it is outside it or not. I do know that it is an instinct—a divine instinct—and that many most striking instances of answer have occurred. A saved man prays, *e.g.* for a comrade steeped in sin ; that comrade is awakened that night, filled with remorse and horror at his life and the future he is facing ; he is compelled in agony to rise and cast himself before God, and beseech His mercy, and he obtains it. This is an extreme case, but quite common—I mean, not a very rare one. The Holy Spirit *convinces* the world of sin.

“Your difficulty is, however, not with this so much as with why it was done in answer to prayer and not without it. I feel that it is a difficulty—in theory. And I know the sort of ‘recoil’ you mention. But all these melt away in the face of the instinct, and the success of the practice, and the naturalness of the command. We feel it should be so. We do it.

“It occurs to me that there is some analogy between this case and that of all work done for God. Why should He employ us ‘as hands and feet,’ to use your proper phrase, at all ? Well, He desires fruit that may abound to our account. Men died through man, and they are to live through man. By a return to God, one part of humanity is to be used to save the rest. Mary’s box of ointment would never have been heard of, or her beautiful love so illustrated, if the

Lord had used His own power directly, and made a box of ointment for Himself. And just so, it seems to me, with prayer. That settles the difficulty for me.

“You say you can imagine a state of incarnate intercessory expression of God’s love—so can I; and more than imagine it, I have seen it. That is Christ; and we, in Him, do likewise.”

In this practical way he would enforce the privilege and consequent duty of an intercessory life, and no doubt his communion with the Lord was systematically maintained, and powerfully reinforced thereby. For, as he said once, “Jesus, who has entire command of His time, chooses the Intercession as that on which He can best spend it, and ever liveth to make intercession for us.”

CHAPTER IX

A SHORT VISIT TO INDIA

WITH the hope of visiting and helping some of the Christian missions of the East, and also of recovering health and strength (which had been much overtaxed by labours in the Manchester field) by change of scene and climate, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, accompanied by their daughter and their eldest son, Alan, started on a spring visit to India and Ceylon. Their attention had long been drawn to the problems that beset modern missions, and to the search after means for making them more effective. Mr. Crossley and his friends had been making some experiments, with the view of finding out in what direction lay the spiritual advance of missions, and how the mission (together with the missionary) of the future was to be evolved out of the often awkward and cumbrous pioneer work which has frequently been carried on by devoted people, amongst surroundings utterly different from anything of which the workers had experience at home. He was much interested in the project for the establishment of Industrial Missions, and had given help and counsel to the work of the Zambesi Industrial Mission ; and he was disposed to

believe that such missions were more apostolic in character than those which follow the ordinary lines of growth, and that there might be an added blessing on those who worked with their own hands, and taught others their own arts and crafts, as well as their own beliefs. Yet, strange to say, although he was so interested in this problem, the closely related question of the Educational Mission of the future does not seem to have much attracted him, not even as regards India, at least before his visit, where it must be before long one of the chief problems to be discussed. What drew them specially to India seems to have been (1) the desire to see something of the mission field for themselves : in this way, they would have something to say from experience to those who were going forth from the Star into mission work abroad ;¹ (2) they had before them not only the problem of the workers from the Star, but also the efforts of one especial teacher from the platform of the Star Holiness meetings, Mr. Gelson Gregson, who was trying to bring fresh spiritual vitality into the native Syrian churches of Southern India, without detaching the converts from the churches to which he ministered. The experiment was especially interesting ; there have been plenty of missions from one

¹ With regard to this development of the work at Ancoats, Mrs. Crossley says : " We had in January 1894 opened a Training Home for young women, to fit them for Christian mission work at home or abroad, and as we saw one and another going forth, we felt the necessity of trying to understand for ourselves more of the foreign mission needs, and the practical way of meeting them.

Church to another, whose object has been the establishment of cordial relations and intercommunion. Mr. Gregson's experiment was to find out what would happen if preachers *filled with the Holy Ghost* were to visit weak or dying native churches.¹

So there were sufficient reasons why Mr. and Mrs. Crossley should have thought of making a little tour of some of the mission stations in India and Ceylon.² They were keenly interested in missionary problems, and wanted to make some observations of their own.

I do not think that I can do better than by actually transferring to this place in the record some parts of the little report which they circulated amongst their friends on their return.

A SHORT VISIT TO INDIA

"Second to an attempt to show our sympathy with the toilers, one of our principal objects in visiting India was to see with our own eyes what missionary work was like, to try to estimate its difficulties, and, so far as the limited opportunity would allow, to judge of what was needed. No books seemed capable of making many of the deep impressions produced by actual presence in the field.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Crossley were able to unite with Mr. Gregson in some of his meetings at Bangalore.

² They saw a great deal of work, and met many missionaries, with some of whom they had been previously acquainted, and they were under the guidance of their friend, Mr. Fry, who is thoroughly acquainted with mission work in India ; so that they saw much more in their few weeks' tour than might have been expected.

True enough we had only five or six weeks to spend in the country itself—far too little for more than a surface acquaintance—yet our friends were so ready to receive us, and tell both of their joys and sorrows, hopes and failures, that we learned much more than we might have expected.

“We landed at Bombay. Anything like the sense of newness—the feeling of being lost in another sort of world—I cannot convey. The people were quite unlike any others we had seen. In America, for instance, where we stayed for some time in Kansas a few years ago, the negro population seemed almost as far below these natives of India as below Europeans themselves. The negro was a conglomeration of crude impudence and ignorance, full of ‘cheek’ by nature ; and, having no religion of his own, not strongly indisposed to be a Christian. But these Indians while gentle, polite, humble, almost obsequious in their demeanour, and anxious to do any sort of service for very slight remuneration, are steeped in inherited ideas and religions which bar the way to anything new.

“The ship had no sooner anchored than friends met us on board, and the son of perhaps the wealthiest Parsee in Bombay was kind enough to offer to take us on shore in his own steam launch. This was a sample of the unlooked-for kindness that we received throughout. The next feature was the hotel. Never in my experience did a dining-room present such

a scene of perfect attendance. The waiting was superb. Barefooted, agile, white-clad and turbaned men, loaded us with far more than we wanted. Surely one might think such courteous folk of all classes would at least listen to the message of the missionary. But not so! For this there is the utmost indifference, if not even contempt. 'Why cannot you let us alone? We do not trouble you with our religion,' is a thought which probably prevails extensively enough.

"On the evening of our arrival we were invited to a Missionary Conference on Malabar Hill, a wealthy and charming suburb of Bombay, covered with ornate and costly bungalows. The greater part of the time was occupied by a long written address from a young Parsee who professed conversion to Christ. He gave himself chiefly to denouncing the ignorance of other Parsees. They were, he said, growing very rich and far too luxurious; they did not even read what Zoroaster taught, and practically knew nothing about it. He was in earnest, but did not seem as yet beyond his spiritual A B C. He was followed by an Australian missionary, Mr. Reeve, who spoke in a very different fashion, and with both spiritual pathos and force. This gentleman, with a considerable staff, does excellent work at Poona. We next visited the missions of Mr. Wallace Gladwin, of Byculla, Miss Richardson at Tardeo, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller (of the Rev. A. B. Simpson's American

Missionary Alliance), and Mr. Alfred Dyer's publishing office of the *Bombay Guardian*. We rejoice to bear witness to the beautiful spirit of Christ-like self-sacrifice prevailing at each of these stations. If these people are not saints of God, then, in our belief, there are no saints alive just now. But what was their experience in the matter of native conversions? That is the vital question. It is for this purpose they endure the burden and heat of the day—and heat in Bombay is no figure of speech. Their general testimony was that, at present, conversions are very rare. From this and from like accounts gleaned elsewhere, it appears to us that those missionaries whose spiritual life is the deepest, and to whom superficial work is hateful and useless, are those least able to talk of large numbers. Some very striking conversions occur, and some are sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit; but the sweeping in of thousands, such as we read of so often in ancient times, and such as has occurred elsewhere within our own recollection, has not been a story to which we have listened in India from those Europeans whose spirituality has greatly impressed us.

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“Bombay, or Beautiful Bay, well deserves its name. It is a lovely city, and illustrates the transforming wonders worked by the English in India. The architecture of the great buildings of Bom-

bay, some of it by natives, puts, say, Liverpool and Manchester hopelessly in the shade. The population of each of these three cities is approximately the same, but for impressiveness or splendour neither of the latter can in any way approach Bombay. There is plenty of room apparently, and the climate, with its pure air, well suits the fine garden foregrounds on which, in Bombay, some of the great modern public buildings are magnificently mounted. The Parsees, the native merchant princes of the place, originally Persian refugees, have contributed very generously to the provision of such of these as are of the charitable or educational class, but generally they hold back from Christianity. They may go the length of zealous teetotalism, or even of secret adhesion to Christ, without opposition from their friends, providing they continue to wear the sacred emblems and peculiar head-dress of their religion, but to cast off these outward acknowledgments means persecution, and very few are prepared for that extreme. Nevertheless, no secret 'confession' can be counted of value. This applies pretty generally also to the Hindoo and Mohammedan sects throughout the country. They will go a certain length—women in the Zenanas, and men outside them—but persecution and poison, or the risk of them, hold them back from coming out openly. Wonderful to find such countless heroes on the battlefield, both native and European, ready

for the cannon's mouth, and so few in the army of the Lord! Our visits to Poona, Bangalore, Madras, Colombo, and Kandy, all revealed, more or less, the same state of things. Possibly the relative safety of the missionary is a cause of it, or has something to do with it. To native eyes the missionary may furnish no example of bodily risk incurred for Christ's sake. In this respect there seems little in common between him and the people to whom he speaks. They do not see his many other sacrifices. To preach from a well-protected pulpit to a congregation which, if it obeys, is instantly subjected to a terrible peril unshared by the preacher, may not be an inspiring thing. It lacks the keen stimulus of the example of confessing Christ at all costs. If St. Paul had not run even more risk than any of his converts, he certainly would neither have made so many who, like himself, were ready for martyrdom, nor awakened such tender affection among them. Yet the safety of the modern missionary in India is no fault of his own, and if he runs no risk of poison he runs very serious risks in other ways. The climate is a trial, the severity of which even during the few 'cold' weeks of our visit in February and March has made an impression we shall not easily forget. This and many another kind of suffering, nobly undergone for long years by the missionaries, are, nevertheless, not of the kind which the natives can easily appreciate.

“But the native will risk something for a little education, and to supply this missionaries of all sorts are now giving their best. We confess that before seeing the country our feeling toward the schools was not favourable. They seemed like a confession of failure among the adults ; but with experience our idea has changed. It now appears to us that the school work is both essential and of great promise. In a few generations it will, if only by the removal of strong inherited prejudice, have worked wonders in the country. Wherever the school is set up it seems to flourish. The industry shown by Christian residents in this way is beyond praise. Even in a small place like Kandy, in Ceylon, there are many schools, and among the rest a boarding-school or home for the daughters of Kandyan chiefs. This attracted us much, and we saw over it with special pleasure. The chiefs think, no doubt, that their girls will drop the religion they have learnt at school as soon as they get back to their parents, and we heard they make no secret of this opinion. But they will be disappointed. Some of the girls appear to be already converted to Christ, though this particular enterprise is but in its infancy ; and many of them are likely to become the wives of native youths of their own rank, under similar training in the excellent C.M.S. Trinity College on the opposite side of the town. At Poona again, the number of schools in operation is extraordinary.

The degree of activity of this kind in this place is probably unsurpassed in many English towns; and in addition to schools, a large hospital has also been built by resident English ladies for natives, and placed in the native quarter of the town. This has an excellent effect on the native mind. Direct evangelistic work is also exceedingly strong in Poona, a very interesting example of this being afforded by the 'Student Volunteers' under Mr. Wilder. His meeting for young Brahmins who have passed a university examination, and about sixty or eighty of whom assemble three or four times a week to listen with attention to what he or his friends have to tell them, is a capital one. The addresses in those meetings are in English, the young men being excellent English scholars.

"In many respects the work at Bangalore resembles that at Poona, English ladies being again conspicuous. There is a fine hospital, and Zenana work is well done.

"But perhaps no individual effort interested us so deeply as that at Henerat-goda, near Colombo. This is a memorial continuation of the effort sealed by the almost martyr-deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Liesching, and commenced by the latter while still Miss Gregson. This work begins at the very bottom of things. The cottage in which it is carried on is now occupied by five ladies, two of them being our country-women from Bradford. After leaving the

railway station, which is on the Colombo plain, so low as to be only about thirty-five feet above sea-level though perhaps seventeen miles inland, you turn through a thick jungle of very tall cocoa-nut palms by a lonely-looking little path. A quarter of an hour brings you to the Mission Cottage or hut. But though the place looks lonely it is not so. Everywhere, hidden and separated by the forest of palm-trees, cottages are dotted around. Among these aborigines the devoted ladies follow their work. They have been threatened ere now by the native men, who flatly tell them that they are in their power. Some night they say they will do what they like with them, making them drink arrack, the native spirit. But God has hitherto kept them from this great risk, provoked as some of the men are by the ardent Christian zeal of the ladies.¹

“Here the hardship and risk undergone by these ladies raises again the important question of the scale of living most suitable for the missionary who has determined to do most for the Master, cost him what it may. Beyond doubt the trials of climate alone are very severe, and are more than excuse for almost anything that relieves them. Yet climate

¹ The cottage itself is also far from what it might be from a sanitary standpoint. In our judgment the sitting-room and bedrooms should not be on the ground, but should be raised above it some ten or fifteen feet. The place can be little better than a swamp in the wet season, being so near sea-level and with so little fall as two feet to a mile for water to run off. Perhaps some readers may be moved to contribute funds for the erection of a new and sufficient house, and the purchase of land.

may hardly be a reply for the style adopted by some few. It compares occasionally in a marked way with that of the poorest parsons and ministers at home, and perhaps can hardly be always satisfying to the conscience. The late George Bowen's pamphlet¹ may well be prayerfully considered. But this criticism applies of course to all Christians alike, both clerical and lay, at home and abroad. No man can fix the standard for another without simultaneously criticising his own position. And in passing through India the traveller meets with such hospitality, especially from missionaries who are likely enough to kill for him "the fatted calf" and produce things only used on feast days, that it seems ungrateful if not misleading to mention the matter. Better for each to examine himself before God.

"But important as this matter may sometimes be as a bar to progress, both in India and elsewhere, it must fail to fully answer the great question, What doth hinder? A deeper reply than the occasional scale of living is needed. Yet for us to offer any reply at all after so short a stay in the country might well be considered an impertinence; therefore, let us rather quote what a friend of great experience has just written to us. Few men, if any, in our estimation, are more fitted to give an opinion. He says, 'I am very glad you have been to India. You will

¹ Published by Dyer Brothers, Paternoster Square, London.

have a deeper sympathy with its overwhelming need than ever before ; and to me the great need is not only more missionaries, but the power of the Holy Ghost in those who are missionaries. How true is the statement of Maclaren, 'The Holy Ghost is the only real power for service. Why have we not got this power ? Because we are not willing to be made invisible by the investiture.' This is the adopted answer of one who has himself come down to the self-sacrificing level preached and practised by the saintly George Bowen of Bombay, and who also is richly filled with the indispensable gift of which he has written. Until many are thus possessed by Him the work must languish. Until He come, how can the tide begin to flow ?

"We desire here most heartily to tender our thanks to numbers of Christian friends, missionaries, and others who received us with such hospitality and showed us so many marked kindnesses. With them in their devoted labour we feel the warmest sympathy, thanking God for their bright and stimulating example. For introduction to some of them we are indebted to friends at home, but especially to our dearly beloved brother in travel, H. W. Fry. He accompanied us during the whole of our visit, and but for his knowledge of the country and people it would have been practically impossible for us to have seen so much. We gladly congratulate him on the prospects of success of his Industrial Missions

Aid Society, and especially that it seems likely to make so good a practical commencement in Bangalore.

F. W. CROSSLEY.

EMILY CROSSLEY.

“NOTE.—We think we may say that the gentleman whose words we quoted above, as to ‘What doth hinder?’ is our beloved friend, the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson. He has gone out some little time back with his family, possibly to remain in India for the rest of his life, and to carry God’s richest messages to many centres in that needy land. We attended one of his missions at Bangalore, and testify in the warmest way to what God has wrought by him. He is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions, which in India are scanty indeed. His permanent address is, “care of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons, Calcutta,” who will forward letters, or we ourselves will gladly do so. The advantage of such efforts as his, both to missionaries and other English-speaking people, is inestimable. We would gladly hail the news that God has led out many others as well as Mr. Gregson to like self-sacrificing work abroad; and now that travelling is so safe and rapid, many may make a tour like ours and thereby stimulate their interest in our wonderful Dependency to perhaps a quite unlooked-for degree. Even if little is learnt in so short a time, a keen appetite is created for books which have been written on the subject, and a vastly better understanding of them becomes easy. Far more may thus be led to give themselves to missionary labour than are at present in the field. The incalculable need for this becomes painfully apparent to eye-witnesses. The relative disproportion of Christian work at home shines out. The idolatries which still vigorously flourish, and the vices and cruelties which abound, though out of sight while looking from England, are conspicuous in India. Our assumption of the government of this vast country firmly fixes upon us responsibility for its pagan degradation.”

The journey described in these notes does not seem to have had the effect intended on the health of either Mr. or Mrs. Crossley. They returned home in May 1896, not only to the ordinary press of work of every kind, but to the added burden of the agitation on behalf of the suffering Christians in Armenia,¹ into which they threw themselves with characteristic earnestness. These continued labours had begun to tell seriously upon the two workers. Of the Armenian work we will speak in the next chapter.

¹ Mr. Thomson says of Mr. Crossley's labours in this direction that "only those who knew him best can estimate how much of the failure of heart action, which was the immediate cause of his death, was due to this constant burden. He took it with him in his brief visit to India in 1896, and he found it heavier than ever on his return."

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH THE SAINT TURNS CRUSADER

THE years 1895 and 1896 are black years in the history of civilisation, and for the British Empire they are rightly regarded as "years of shame," because in them we stood passive to view the destruction of a population which we had given special pledges to protect, and allowed ourselves to be deterred, by the threat of an imaginary war in Europe, from doing a little piece of obvious duty in Asia. The present chapter is concerned with the part which Frank Crossley took in the agitation for the defence and relief of persecuted Armenia. We do not propose to make a political study of the question, and yet it would be absurd to avoid the introduction of political elements into the story, inasmuch as he was a pronounced politician; and to leave the politics out would be to make his own words and actions barely intelligible.

It should be remembered, then, that our policy in the Eastern Question is a traditional one, as almost all foreign policy is, which passes from party to party and from administration to administration. In the nature of things it would not do to upset

international politics every time that national politics are reversed ; and it may be accepted as a general principle that the continuity of foreign policy lies in the programme of all political parties, unless expressly stated to the contrary. The very fact that much of the documentary evidence necessary to the formation of right judgments is secret evidence, or half-published evidence, is sufficient to secure for all reasonable governments that forbearance from hasty criticism which they habitually appeal for.

On the other hand, there is a serious disadvantage in this conventional continuity of action, in that, if pressed too far, it prohibits a nation from saying that it has made a grave mistake in its foreign policy—the *fait accompli* has ruled out of court the discussion of right and wrong. We put our money on the wrong horse, and, having done so, consider ourselves bound in honour to put more money on him, and then go on to put other people's money on him, until the beast dies on our hands. I am almost ashamed to employ these frivolous figures to describe the serious business of foreign policy, but if any excuse is necessary, the formulæ are consecrated by the usage of one of the principal backers of the animal to which we are referring.

Our foreign policy of 1895 leans on our foreign policy of 1878, and this again upon that of 1853. That this is so is clear, amongst other things, from the

confusion which arises when the formula about the "wrong horse" is used. People do not quite understand whether Lord Salisbury means by it that we went wrong in the side which we took at the time of the Crimean War, or whether we went wrong in trying to reaffirm and to perpetuate the policy of the Crimean War in 1878, when Turkey was at the feet of Russia, and all her European possessions might have been set permanently free from the yoke of Islam. As a matter of fact the phrase applies accurately to either of the two crises referred to, and to all the people who were engaged at either time in the attempt to re-establish the long-crumbling, slowly-decaying Ottoman Empire. One "year of shame," that is to say, is the parent of another year of shame, until strong measures are taken against further heredity. In this sense 1853 may be regarded as the parent of 1878, and 1878 of 1895.

The importance of the year 1878 lies in the fact that, in that year, we ostentatiously renewed our contract for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, defining what we would maintain, and exacting guarantees for the good conduct of the power we were protecting. Lord Salisbury was, as he has admitted, the author of the famous Cyprus Convention, which, by the creation of an Armenian Question, began to bear fruit in 1895 in the shape of wholesale massacres of Armenians, and continued

to do so, with some intermissions in 1896. Mr. Crossley took up his pen to write a number of forcible letters to the *Manchester Guardian*, from the standpoint of a Christian patriot. I have fifteen of these letters before me, and, as far as possible, I will let them express his views, rather than unnecessarily intrude opinions of my own.¹ And first of all with regard to the Cyprus Convention, which is a hinge-point in the dramatic action of the whole tragedy. He writes as follows:—

“Most of the Armenians are killed, and we all know in what fashion. Still we go on as before, with no policy but the one that has so absolutely failed. Yet even to an obscure individual like myself . . . the reason of our present impotence [is] obvious. We are morally in the wrong, and therefore we can do nothing. The Cyprus Convention of June 1878 is one glaring embodiment of this wrong. By it we unjustly threatened Russia²

¹ The correspondence appears to begin with December 24, 1895. It is interrupted in the spring of 1896 by the short visit to India described in the previous chapter.

² Writing on August 28, 1896, he puts it as follows: “But for the misdirected efforts of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury at Berlin in 1878, Russia would not have been prevented from the accomplishment of her righteous desire to see ‘reforms’ inaugurated for the safety of Christians before the withdrawal of her troops from Turkey. Through the influence of our statesmen, hundreds of thousands of European and Armenian Christians, whom Russia by fearful sacrifice had emancipated from their Turkish destroyers, were once more thrust under the foot of the Sultan. Many of our countrymen who rejoiced in the achievements at Berlin must now bitterly regret what was done. Probably the noble Marquis is among the number.” The last sentence is significant. Unfortunately, even if it be correct, it does not annul the Cyprus Convention.

and concluded a close alliance with the unspeakable Turk. The first article of the Treaty is as follows: 'If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them be retained by Russia ; and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, in Asia, as fixed by the definite Treaty of Peace, England engages to join his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms. In return his Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms to be agreed upon later between the two powers, into the Government and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories. And in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagements, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England.'

"It is not necessary," continues Mr. Crossley, "to be a statesman to understand this clause. Its meaning and motives are clear to every average mind. Here we engage specifically to defend the Sultan against Russia, and he hands us Cyprus to enable us the more easily to do so. The island is conveniently situated as 'a place of arms' or base of operations against such an enemy in Asiatic Turkey as it was feared that Russia might become. We hold the island now for this ostensible object

only. The treaty is a public document. It was published to the world and flaunted in the face of Russia, and it remains in force to this day. How can we be on good terms with the Czar in such circumstances?" &c. &c.

This, then, was the fatal blunder made in 1878; we entered into re-engagements with the man who became subsequently the "Great Assassin" of his people, and with the political system that may be equally well described as the "Great Assassinate," to do things which neither of the parties to the contract had the least chance of carrying out. The Turk neither will nor can (at this advanced stage of national decomposition) introduce reforms; and England has not been able to carry out her pledges of oversight and protection of the Asiatic Christians.

In fact, no sooner was the Convention signed, than the signals began to appear in the sky of the gathering of the storm which broke in 1898, and which dashed upon the rocks our "spirited foreign policy"—

"That ill-fated, that perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark."

Travellers, military men, and diplomatists all warned us of the rise of an "Armenian Question." To take a single instance; in the year that followed the signing of the Treaty of Berlin and the Cyprus

Convention, Mr. Tozer, of Exeter College, Oxford, travelled through a large part of Asia Minor, and published an account of what he saw in a book, entitled, "Turkish Armenia." Here are some far-seeing sentences from the pen of this keen and open-minded observer :—

Page 185.—"Unless the narrowing of the area of its dominion forces the Porte to a complete revolution in its modes of administration, the condition of the country is likely to grow worse and worse. There is no period in the life of a people so full of misery—as the later centuries of Byzantine history amply show—as that of the protracted death-sickness of a decaying empire."

Page 337.—"Deeds like this [abduction of a Christian girl] are the natural effect of a number of men fully armed being planted in the midst of an unarmed population: in fact, the first condition of an improvement in the position of the people in Turkey is that all should be disarmed; or if that cannot be so in this wild region, that all should be allowed to carry arms, without distinction of race or creed."

How accurately these predictions have been fulfilled is sufficiently obvious: the Porte has not made any change in its modes of administration; its authority has been practically sunk in that of the Sultan, who sits at one end of the telegraph

wire and directs massacres at the other; and the condition of the people even before the massacres were ordered went steadily from bad to worse.

So far from taking the step of disarming those of the population who are not immediately occupied in military or police duty, an immense increase of the arming of race against race, and creed against creed, has taken place by the organisation of the Koord against his Armenian and Syrian neighbours, thus placing the industrious and peaceful part of the community more than ever at the mercy of the lawless and desperate brigandage to which the government can at any time appeal.

The Consular Reports and the reports from the American Missionaries in Asia Minor are full of warnings like those which we quote from Mr. Tozer's work, but it does not appear that any one paid any serious attention to them except Mr. Bryce, who had travelled extensively in the country, and was in keen sympathy with the sufferings of the Armenians.

Mr. Crossley took up the cause of the Armenians in the spirit of a true Crusader. He rapidly interpreted the handwriting that was upon the wall into a call (1) for national repentance; (2) for forceful action. We had done evil; then let us cease to do evil and learn to do well. We had protested vaguely, or at all events weakly; then let us use words with stronger meaning, and if need be translate the diplomatic words into military and naval

actions. It is not my business to turn this memoir into a dissertation on War *v.* Peace. We have to record Mr. Crossley's opinions, not to add our own commentaries. Writing on the 24th of December 1895, when the country was convulsed not only with the Armenian horrors, but with the fear of complications with the United States over the Venezuela boundary, he says :—

“The fear of a great war is no less before the eyes of those who desire the immediate rescue of what remains of the Armenian people than before the party whose hesitancy has permitted those horrors. But is a great war more to be dreaded than a great moral national failure? The appeal to selfish ease and safety is one of the commonest temptations, but ease can never be had except by doing the right. What a curious quality our honour is! ready apparently to engage in a great American War sooner than be robbed of a few acres of land, but satisfied to see a helpless nation perish lest statesmen should threaten us in Europe! Our obvious selfish fears may well encourage America and Turkey. . . . Since nationally we are morally unready for disarmament, we should use our arms in a cause that calls for them—if even such cause existed—and use them now.”

The foregoing extract justifies us in saying, that

Mr. Crossley had turned Crusader.¹ He thought that we should be prepared to furnish great public proofs of our national disinterestedness, and to make great sacrifices to maintain our national honour. Under the first head, he argued for a change in the administration of Cyprus, the retention of which under the terms of the Cyprus Convention was a standing menace against Russia, and under the second head he proposed such demonstrations of a naval and military character as would lead to the deposition of the Sultan, and the further dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. And I think we can see in looking back over the course of events, and especially by comparing what has actually taken place in the island of Crete (where, after two years of anarchy, the Turkish rule has at last dissolved like a mist), that it would have been quite easy to suppress the massacres, and to repress the author of them. It is well known amongst all the diplomatic circles in

¹ If any further evidence be desired on this point, take the following from the letter of September 5, 1896: "This policy would cost 'life,' no doubt, but I do not envy the man who in such circumstances as the present would shrink from the sacrifice of his physical life if only these horrors could be ended. There are multitudes of Christian Englishmen and Englishwomen to-day, who would gladly die if their death would release these victims. Let them speak out and say so loudly enough. If ever the words of our Lord were strikingly true, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it,' they are true in this case. To remain passive as we are remaining is to 'lose our life,' and to lose it in a worse fashion than by the hand of the Turk. When our time is ended here, even if in the discharge of duty it were ended by the Turk, there would be a glorious release. But from the effects upon character of such indifference and selfish, unrepenting aloofness, as we are exhibiting now, how can there be release either in this world or in that which is to come?"

Constantinople that the Sultan would have yielded to our protestations in the autumn of 1895, if he had been satisfied that England was really in earnest in making them, and prepared to go further than mere diplomatic chiding. As it was, he waited until we had talked ourselves out of breath, and then ordered some more massacres.

In the organisation of relief for the sufferers from these massacres Mr. Crossley was to the front, and the city of Manchester was with him. There is no other city outside London that came so nobly to the rescue; and when, in the spring of 1896, my wife and myself set out for a journey into Armenia, with the view of finding out the actual state of things and of assisting in the administration of relief for that ruined and desolated country, we owed much of our help and encouragement in this difficult task to Mr. Crossley, who not only confided to us sums of money for distribution, but also aided us in the heavy personal expenses of the expedition; and through the channels of relief which we opened up, or which we cleared from uncertainty or suspicion, there flowed not a little of the splendid benevolence of the great northern city. The results of that campaign abide in the shape of restored industries, reopened schools, and a number of orphan homes in which are sheltered and trained some hundreds of children who had lost one or both parents during the terrible events of the year of

shame. And it must be admitted that the results of this peaceful campaign are more durable than those of that ten-thousandfold more costly military campaign which the British Government undertook, more than forty years ago, on behalf of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. We do not hesitate to affirm that, if it should turn out to be the Divine will that the Ottoman Empire should be perpetuated, the organised charity of Christian people in the West will have been the means of its reconstruction and perpetuation; and if it should turn out to be otherwise (and Allah is wise and needeth not the counsels of men), the materials for the good government of that empire which follows will be found amongst the salvage which the emissaries of Western charity and the noble band of American missionaries have picked up from the wreck.

Mr. Crossley also assisted largely in schemes for the emigration of the persecuted Armenians; he aided in attempts to get them over the eastern borders into Persia, and in smuggling them off to Cyprus.¹ Mrs. Sheldon Amos's effort at the establishment of Armenian colonies in Cyprus had also his warm support. He aided the refugees who succeeded in getting to Marseilles or elsewhere at the time of the second massacre in Constantinople. In the early days

¹ On the 19th of November 1896 he writes: "Since we are not prepared at present to pursue the 'almost idyllic' policy of returning what does not belong to us, we might, for instance, use Cyprus, *pro tem.* at any rate, as a refuge for the sufferers."

of September 1896, Mr. Crossley made an effort, in conjunction with some others, to rouse up the old lion of Hawarden. From him he received in reply the following letter, the most striking sentences of which were promptly repeated by *Punch*,¹ which in a very earnest cartoon depicted Mr. Gladstone as drawing the sword of justice from its sheath, and attached as explanation some sentences which we have italicised. Here is the letter from "Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Crossley of Manchester" to which *Punch* refers:—

"HAWARDEN, *September 8, 1896.*

"DEAR SIR,—As a sequel to my few words of yesterday,² let me say that all those of my countrymen who take an interest in my opinions are perfectly aware what they are:—

"That the Assassin, and not his Mahometan subjects, has been the determined author of the Armenian massacres, from first to last: that their extent and atrocity have no parallel in recent history; that the Concert of Europe has been a miserable and disgraceful mockery; that the method of remonstrance pursued by the powers in the face of overwhelming evidence that nothing but force would avail has been in itself a moral offence as well as a political blunder;

¹ September 26, 1896.

² A card as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—My answer to your able letter and telegram must, I regret to say, be negative. I will consider whether it is in my power to give you explanations with regard to it.—Your very faithful and obedient

W. E. GLADSTONE.

"*September 7, 1896.*"

that some of the Sovereigns and Governments have given direct countenance and support to the Assassin, and that indeed the presence of the embassies in Constantinople is itself substantial countenance of support to him and his guilty proceedings; that *coercion, which ought long ago to have been applied to him, might even now be the means of averting another series of massacres possibly even exceeding those which we have already seen.*—Yours very faithfully and obediently,
W. E. GLADSTONE."

The labours entailed by this arduous campaign told severely upon Frank Crossley's health; for a little while, too, he almost succumbed to spiritual depression, as he realised "the godless look of earth," and the apparent hopelessness of the situation. But this was merely a momentary reversion to type; he was subject to despondency in the earlier days of his life, as his mother had been before him, and the fact that none of his friends of later days would have suspected him of such a tendency is only one more token of the triumph which God's grace had won in him. It is right, however, to state that the old doubts tried to obtain an entrance into his mind, and the Armenian horrors were the key that was employed. Writing on November 18, 1896, to a friend who was troubled with religious doubts, he expressed himself as follows:—

"... I think a great deal of it arises from physical

causes, occasionally lifelong. My dear mother was a martyr to them for, I suppose, some eighty years, or rather until she reached that age. On the other hand, some experience a complete supernatural deliverance from them. See Dr. Steel's 'Milestone Papers'—a lovely book. I myself was specially overcome by doubt of God, after reading Howard's story of the Armenian horrors. It lasted like a winter fog for days—dreadful, consuming. But one Sunday afternoon God came and said to me in a supernatural way these words of St. John's over again, 'God is love!' And it swept every vestige of doubt out of my heart.¹ . . . 'The Lord whom ye seek will suddenly come to His temple' is no unfulfilled prophecy. 'This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of *all* his troubles,' are words of both the highest inspiration and endlessly repeated experience."

These words of our beloved friend will be helpful to other "poor men" who are still crying to the

¹ Do not, good reader, take too literally or press too far this statement as to doubt of God. For, (1) if he had not been possessed by a gigantic faith, he would not have had a giant's tremblings; and (2) he was really verifying for us what he once taught us, when speaking on the words, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet believed" (which is a kind of sum-total of all possible beatitudes); remember how he said, "Sight is good, but Faith is better, much more beautiful. The mountains in cloud more beautiful than in sunshine. The angels look on and admire the saints in shadow." See how the mountain of his faith

"Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;"

and do not miss to observe how the artist-side of his nature came to the rescue of the theological.

Lord over their own troubles and the troubles of the time. If we have not succeeded in escaping from the fog so completely as he did, we are with him in the recitation of that part of the Psalter which puts into the mouths of poor men the question—

“How doth God know?

And is there knowledge in the Most High?”

but only frames the question in order that he who has it forced from his heart may go on to fashion the answer in the words “I am continually with thee,” “Guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory,” “None in heaven but Thee, and none on earth that I desire beside Thee.” And so, having gone into the sanctuary of God, we shall understand the end of the unrighteous, and the way in which the Lord despises and defaces their image.

But if the spiritual strain was thus relieved by a peculiar communication of Divine Grace, the strain in the natural went on, and perhaps we ought to have suspected earlier than we did, that he would presently be “received to glory,” the “afterward” of which the Psalm speaks being now a rapidly contracting span.

CHAPTER XI

“WHAT IS THE BEGINNING? LOVE. WHAT THE COURSE? LOVE STILL. WHAT IS THE GOAL? THE GOAL IS LOVE ON THE HAPPY HILL.”

As we have already said, the time was now very short, and for the sake of the elect his days had been abbreviated. One of his comments upon the Scripture statement that the Lord Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by him, expresses the truth in the striking form that “He is able to save *up to the goal*,” and *now* the goal was almost in sight.

“What is the goal? The goal is Love on the Happy Hill,” and the Happy Hill was beginning to rise above the Waste. There are some signs that he began to anticipate his own decease, for I find that in writing, on December 28, 1896, to a friend who had just recovered from a serious illness, he spoke as follows:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—So you really are better! Praise the Lord! When I saw you that day at Christleton, it did not seem to any one that it would be long before you entered the Golden Gates; yet you are going to be well again, and stay down

here with us for a bit longer. Who can tell whether I may not welcome you from the other side, instead of bidding you farewell on this? I myself would not wonder at all. I do not feel as if my remaining time were long—much otherwise, though I have no distinct intimation yet. . . . May the good Lord give you many a word of cheer for those of us who have not had the advantage of coming so near to the Glory-land as yourself. . . .”

It is not for us to determine whether the “intimations of immortality” contained in the preceding sentences were merely physical warnings, or whether there was an added witness of the far-seeing soul. Even the weakness of the body may set one on the much-desired “peak in Darien,” though I suspect that it is not the real guide to the view. When people are merely sick, their chief thought is of getting better, not of being what people call worse. However, there can be no doubt that, by the time this letter was written, he was very weak, and very weary, and very ready to be dissolved and to be with Christ. The attacks of heart failure which had troubled him on the Indian journey, and which had kept him a prisoner for ten days in the house of Mr. Hastings Crossley at Bordighera on his way home, were renewed after he reached England. Friends who saw him were shocked at the change in his appearance, and at his worn and wasted

look. Yet he paid little attention to his own condition, and entered more earnestly than ever into the work that lay closest to his heart, notably into the struggles on behalf of Armenia and Crete. The months of August and September had been almost entirely spent in arranging meetings or writing to the papers or to leading people.¹

For a little time he sought quiet and rest in lodgings at Southport, but even here he grudged the time spent in recuperation, and could not resist throwing open his drawing-room for a Holiness meeting, at which his words were singularly joyous, though, as regards the outward man, he was very weak, and showed all the signs of "perishing." He returned to his country-house in Derbyshire, that he might spend the Christmas vacation with his boys; but presently he was back again in Manchester, to welcome my wife and myself on our return from the Armenian journey, and to take part in the reception that was given to us by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, in the arrangement of which meeting he had himself been instrumental. At this meeting, which was held on Feb. 10, 1897, he spoke some strong words of sympathy with the Cretans, as well as with the Armenians, and I suppose that this was his last public meeting.² The next day he came home about

¹ *e.g.*, see the correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, referred to above.

² His last address at the "Star" was on the previous Sunday, when, strange to say, he spoke on the subject of Death, the shortness of the time, and the need of "buying up the opportunity."

5 o'clock, and though he had an appointment for a consultation with a friend at 7 P.M., he was obliged by sheer weakness to abandon it, and take to his bed. In a day or two Dr. Leech was sent for. On the first visit of the doctor no serious concern appears to have been evoked as to his condition, and on the following Saturday, Feb. 20, he was able to sit up in his room, and was chatting, reading, or dictating letters until 9 P.M. Then a fit of exhaustion came on again, followed by a severe spell of suffering and nausea. When Dr. Leech came on the following Monday he at once saw the change that had taken place in his patient, and pronounced his condition most serious. After he was gone Mr. Crossley remarked, "The doctor thinks I won't recover; I know it from his face." And from that time the impression became fixed in his mind, that the call of God was indeed come. And now began the traversing of a long and weary stretch that lay between himself and the River: it was a time that taxed the care of lovers and nurses to the utmost, for he was utterly weak, and afflicted with constant nausea; but through all the weakness he showed the utmost patience and sweetness. Sometimes he was too weak even to pray, at others he prayed like the prince that has power with God and man. "Shut and lock the door," he said once to his watching beloved, "and I will pray." Then in urgent supplication and strong faith he gathered up all the shortcomings of his life,

and covered them once again with the merits and the mercies of his dear Redeemer. "I wish," says Mrs. Crossley, "that I had been able to write down that prayer." At last she was obliged to ask him to desist, as he was becoming very much exhausted. Who knows how much was accomplished in these great final prayers, in which his life and work were reviewed in the serious light of another world, now so close at hand?

Sometimes, as is common with believers at this part of their pilgrimage, he was subject to severe attacks of temptation. One morning he said, "I have been so tempted last night." When Mrs. Crossley asked the nature of the temptation, he said, "You would hardly believe it. I have been tempted to believe that I have not spent nearly enough money on myself, and that I might have lived much more luxuriously, and done much more to make my life happy and comfortable." Sometimes one is disposed to think there is nothing so grotesque as temptation. It is astonishingly irrational and perverse. If one lives to God, the severity of the regimen is challenged, and if to self, the want of severity is laid on the conscience of the dying. You would almost think the devil were a worshipper of the golden mean, so readily does he blame on the right hand and on the left. But whatever was the nature of the last distresses of the soul and body, our beloved went through them right manfully, without

casting away the great confidence that has the great recompense.

He made, during the intervals when the body was a little more at ease, his last arrangements and farewells. Like the patriarch of old, he gave commandment concerning his bones. It had always been his intention to be buried by the side of his beloved Richie, at Bowdon, not, as I suppose, because he believed that either Richie or himself would really be there, but because it was a symbolical way of saying that they would be together somewhere else. But now this desire vanished from his mind, and he asked to be buried amongst his poor people of Ancoats, in the Philips Park Cemetery. "Little Richie," said he (it was still *little* Richie), "little Richie won't mind it." When he had finished this arrangement, he asked that they would sing something to him. His beloved ones were afraid he could not bear it; so he asked that they would read him "Just as I am." After Mrs. Crossley had finished, he said, "I should like that on my gravestone." That is the reason why the verse beginning

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,"

is cut upon his monument.

And now the end was very near. On March 24th they noticed a decided change for the worse. The doctor was sent for and said he was sinking. But there was no fear, no regret at the approach of

death, not much sense that death had to be reckoned with. He had been overheard to say to himself, that he had "come to the River, and *there was no River*," which agrees exactly with Mr. Greatheart's rule, that "you shall find it deeper or shallower, according as you believe in the Lord of the place." It is very noticeable that, years before, he had spoken of just such a dry-shod passage. In an address which he gave at the West London Mission, he said, "I hope I shall not soon forget the resurrection sweetness that I instantly knew when I felt that I had really died to self. It seemed so proper a foretaste of the passage into the world which is to come . . . *How wonderfully small a thing death may be; not a river, but a rill, scarce ankle-deep, across which we may step into the Glory-land beyond.*"

When the warning was given of the approaching end, Mrs. Crossley knelt by his side and said that she thought he would soon be with Jesus. He said, "Do the doctors say so?" and when she replied "Yes," and asked whether he were satisfied, he replied, "Quite satisfied," and spoke as contentedly of the coming change as if he were only going to be moved into another room. All night Mrs. Crossley knelt by his side and watched his peaceful face, and whispered to him from time to time the consolations of the great Covenant. Once he asked whether his boys were coming. He was told "Yes,"

but before they came he had passed away. At 4 P.M. on the afternoon of March 25th, he breathed his last, being conscious up to the last, knowing those about him till within ten minutes of the end, and slipping away so quietly that the exact moment in which he exchanged the Patience for the Victory could not be ascertained. I think that it was not the Lord's will that his last moments should be occupied with what are called "last words." His boys came about half-an-hour after the parting was over, and a few minutes later I was myself at the Star. His sister Emmeline was not with him. She, also, arrived on the very evening of his departure; and his brother Hastings, summoned by telegram from Italy, only the following morning. For others, also, there was the same experience. They have earlier farewells to recall, which had not at the time been recognised as such. Mrs. M'Laren's was at the railway station shortly before his illness. He had come to see her off to Edinburgh, and to say some words of cheer to her in regard to personal perplexities. The train was late, and they had walked up and down the platform together. The hindrances of the present, the perplexities as to the future, were discussed. Over and over he repeated that "if our hearts were more filled with love to God and love to all around us, the hindrances which so often made intercourse with other Christians difficult and unsatisfactory would be swept away"; and as they parted he returned

to this theme, and said that "we should pray for more love, and yield ourselves more fully to the love of God." His face was radiant at the time with the love of which he spoke. Others will have similar remembrances of what he said on these things while he was yet with us.

It was on Thursday, March 25th, as we have said, that our dear friend was taken. His funeral was arranged for the following Saturday, in order to make it easier for the multitude of working men and women that wished to attend. We tried to make the occasion one that was worthy of his faith and harmonious with his triumph. The conventional trappings of the funeral were reduced to the lowest point; everything was to be simple, and nothing was to be black. The undertakers were sorely puzzled, and their perplexity was not confined to themselves, as I suspect. The coffin was laid in front of the platform of the great hall at the Star, and covered with the brightest flowers that the Spring could give. It was not, merely, that there were no black flowers, for in this Nature herself takes sides with Grace and Faith, but we had the scarlet geranium and the yellow daffodil, and many of us wore the lily of the valley. Looking on it, at the time, it seemed more like a bridal day than a burial day; looking back at it, it seems like an attempt to realise the floral wealth that Milton claims for the bier of his beloved Lycidas:—

“ Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.”

No doubt Milton was right in weaving, regardless of colour, the most varied garland, though I suspect it will be as difficult to make the flowers wear a sad embroidery, as it was impossible for the flowers he mentions to be all in bloom together. However, be that as it may, the Star was aflame with spring colours, and his grave in the Philips Park was completely lined with tulips, and everything that could be done was done to correct the common and pagan notions that have attached themselves to Christian burial.

In the hall there hung two great wreaths that were noticeable above the rest ; one was from the Armenian community at Manchester, marked “ Armenia,” and another from the Greek residents, marked “ Crete.” They remembered how he had spent himself for other nations besides his own.

The address at the first part of the funeral ser-

vice was given by Dr. McLaren, who spoke as follows :—

“ It is not easy, dear friends, for one whose heart is as much implicated in to-day's sorrow as mine is, to command either thought or voice to speak to you ; but I could not but yield to the request that I should say a few words here. They will be very few, and you can understand why they may be very broken ; but they come from a heart that has long treasured the love, confidence, and friendship of Frank Crossley. Since the early days in Manchester, he and I have been specially knit together, and domestic circumstances, to which I need not refer further, have tightened the bond.

“ This is not the place to speak of what lives, I am sure, in many of our hearts, and will long live, like the lingering twilight of a summer evening, sad and beautiful—the memory of what he was in friendship and domestic life. His sweetness, his gentleness, his ready sympathy, his wise counsel, his firmness, his conscientiousness, all those of us who lived beside him knew and will never forget. But he would have wished me to speak not of himself to-day ; and if I do say a word or two about his qualities, I would like to lay the foundation of them all where he laid it, in his faith and his Christ. If ever there was a man that lived as seeing Him that is invisible, to whom sense was less than faith, and the realities

behind the veil were the nearest realities—‘the things that are,’ as the Apocalyptic seer called them—our friend was such. There was a kind of *aloofness* about him in his touching the things of daily life, which, although he had the cares of a great business on his shoulders, and was diligent therein, showed that deeper than the motives that usually impel men in commerce were his motives. He walked amidst the things unseen, and so the trivialities and transiencies of the present were in a sense remote from him. And yet how near they were to him as fields for duty and means of manifesting the Christ that dwelt in his heart we all lovingly and gratefully know.

“It was that deep basis of a vivid, realising perception of the things unseen—nay, let me rather say, of the person invisible, ‘the Christ whom not having seen he loved’—that made Frank Crossley what he was. There was sweetness in his natural disposition ; much that attracted us to him was rooted in his very constitution and temperament, but he would never have been what he was if it had not been for the indwelling, by his simple, earnest faith, of the power and the love of Jesus Christ. It goes without saying that with such a basis for a life there came the characteristics that we all know ; the absolute consecration, the utter unselfishness, the unstinted pouring out of money, the devotion of what was far more than money, his toil and himself, of which, if we seek the monument, we have but to look around us here.

All these things which have signalised his career in Manchester for the last thirty years, in the measure of his growing ability, were the direct fruit of his union with God.

“And that communion left its mark upon his face. Many a time, as I have looked at him, there has come into my mind involuntarily—‘They saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.’ For there did shine upon him a light such as never was else on sea or land ; and ‘beauty born of that high communion’ had passed into his face. But like another of old, he ‘wist not that the skin of his face shone as he talked with them.’

“Our brother had his limitations, the defects of his qualities, his peculiarities, and his weaknesses. Many of us, no doubt, did not sympathise with all the positions that he held, or with all the modes of action that commended themselves to him. But the ‘few faults shut up, like dead flowerets,’ nothing is left in the minds and hearts of this great commercial community but the recognition which sometimes does not come till death has revealed truth, the recognition that in him we had one who bore the lineaments of the saints of old.

“I believe that no man can estimate the worth to Manchester of the example of our friend. I believe it has pricked the consciences of some luxurious, idle, and well-to-do professing Christian people ; and I believe it has gone to the hearts of many in

this district for which he lived, and for which, in a sense, he died, even though the manifold results of his work for Ancoats may not have been so abundant nor as swift as he could have desired.

“I think I see before me many members of various Christian communities in this city. May I venture to ask them whether they think Frank Crossley’s life is incapable of repetition, and whether the career, which I have feebly tried to characterise, does not come with a very loud voice of rebuke to the average, half-and-half, torpid, worldly Christian professors that clog all churches, and put the drag upon all Christian work? The fountain is open for us, as it was for him, and we may draw the same abundance of consecrated activity and self-ignoring devotion from the love and death of Jesus Christ, which made beautiful the life whose end we mourn to-day.

“But though it is neither Christian nor wise (which two things are the same thing) to try and force nature to ignore herself, and though the Master Himself said, ‘Weep for yourselves and for your children,’ and sanctified the tears that a merciful God permits to come, do not let us take the note of sorrow or even of loss as the last word. Let us try rather to turn our thoughts whither our friend dwells now, lapped in eternal rest, and capable of nobler work. I do not venture to follow him into the light with words of my own; but I recall the

sevenfold crown of glory which Jesus Himself has promised to the victor :—

“‘To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.’ ‘He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.’ ‘To him that overcometh will I give of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it.’ To him will I give authority over the nations . . . as also I have received of my Father ; and I will give him the morning star.’ ‘He that overcometh shall thus be arrayed in white garments, and I will in nowise blot his name out of the book of life, and I will confess his name before My Father and before His angels.’ ‘He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of My God . . . and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God . . . and Mine own new name’: and, finally, that wonderful promise than which imagination can conceive and Christ can give nothing higher, ‘He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame and sat down with My Father on His throne.’

“These are the hopes of Christ’s servants : these are the present experiences of our brother. He that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it ! Our friend has found that fuller life ; may we not lose it !”

When the service in the Star Hall was over, we marched in procession to the Philips Park Cemetery. An immense crowd was present at the last simple rites. Some say as many as 15,000 people. The service at the grave was conducted by his friend and pastor, Dr. Mackennal, and a short address to the crowd was given by Mr. George Grubb. It was a strange and complex gathering. The way to the grave was more like a triumphal procession than a funeral march. There were the friends of earlier years; the business acquaintances; the Christian workers; the employes from Openshaw; clergymen and religious leaders, and the little band of Holiness teachers who had been so closely united with him in the Star Hall Conventions. They came unbidden from Scotland, Ireland, and distant parts of England at the short notice of two days. And then there were many of the very wrecks of humanity lining the roadsides, who had often shrunk from the Gospel that he brought so close to their doors, and now appeared from their dens and hiding-places, as if to testify that the love bestowed upon them had not been, and could not be, all in vain.

Meanwhile, the spirit of the blessed one was doubtless in his own place and with his own people. No doubt Richie was with him, with Christ's peace still in his heart; the beloved mother and the aunts, with whom he had often talked of what was laid up for Christ's lovers; the Armenian martyrs, in their

high place of Paradise ; and his Huguenot ancestors, and all others who had been found faithful and had come to be counted worthy with the "white lamb celestial." And then there was and is the vision of the Christ, whom to see is to be like ; or, as Frank Crossley put it once, in whose presence "all natural imitativeness is supernaturally magnified at the sight of the all lovely Lord"; with whom is the "Light above Light, and the Bliss beyond Bliss."

CHAPTER XII

A MEMORIAL FROM HIS BROTHER, HASTINGS CROSSLEY

THE incidents of my brother Frank's life will have been told by others ; and there is no need for me to dwell further upon them here. But something I would like to leave on record to help those who come after to picture him the better as he was. To know many loyal souls like his makes a man's life rich ; but it is still more enviable when they are not only the friends of one's choice but those friends of nature's choosing whom we call our own people. It has been my happy lot to count many of both ; but in the front rank stood my brother Frank. I do not remember the time when I was not proud of him. Tall and finely built, with a pleasant smile that mellowed into sweetness as the shadow of age fell upon him (age that seemed, we thought, reluctant for so long to touch him), there was about him from early manhood a native nobility and distinction that none could mistake. In any company his personality was felt and drew men's eyes. I never knew any one take a liberty with him ; not from any apprehension

of a rebuff or sarcastic rejoinder—he was incapable of either, and simply did not know how to be rude—but from the unconscious dignity that protected him like a hedge. From British *morgue*, which other nations love so little, he was absolutely free. Instinctively, as it were, he despised no man. Yet nature had made him proud and fiery enough; as a young man he was impulsive and hot-tempered; and the way in which he overcame this defect (one that most of us find all but ineradicable) might be thought to go some way towards answering the question disputed of old whether virtue is a thing that can be taught. A beautiful touch of character from early youth was the full and frank way in which he would ask forgiveness if he thought himself in the wrong. Few things are more fatal to friendship than the stiffness which cannot take a step towards acknowledgment. He was one who fearlessly owned what he had done or said amiss, and in so doing not only allayed wounded feeling, but made you feel more warmly towards him than before. Not less chivalrously would he forgive an injury. I doubt if many have attained more perfectly to this difficult grace. To breathe a whisper of acknowledgment and regret was to have his pardon at once—he would hardly hear the end of your sentence; he hastened to meet you while still (as it were) at the door; he made you feel glad to have spoken, while his instinctive courtesy more than made good the breach.

It is true that in point of intellectual sympathies a different training would have produced a different breadth of view. Yet he would unconsciously make abstraction of wrongful deeds and (what is harder for some to forgive) unpalatable views in favour of the common human birthright and brotherhood. What he might have achieved among thinking men (for he had power in this direction also about him somewhere) if circumstances had permitted him to gain an adequate equipment at the university, in respect even of his favourite science, Theology, it is useless to speculate. He did not perhaps take a philosophic view of human life, and the history of the creeds, the age-long struggles of humanity, and what its future may have in store. Training and time alike fell short. The days and hours of one life were not enough to add this to his actual achievement. But what his mind lost in width of illumination, he perhaps gained in warmth and intensity. One kind of glass will spread the rays over a larger surface—another concentrate their heat upon a single spot. To me his mind seemed somewhat like a burning-glass. His enthusiasm for causes that appealed to his ardent and single-hearted nature knew no limits, and made light of obstacles. Personal trouble in the service of others he counted as nothing. He was a man of few books. Thomas Erskine, for example, he lived upon for years. I remember asking him how long he intended to stick

to the Laird of Linlathen : he replied with a smile, "To the end of my pilgrimage!" Another favourite was the Life of Madame Guyon, for he was much attracted by Quietism of all shades ; and I have heard him say that he felt more drawn to the Quakers than to any other body of Christians. St. Francis of Assisi was very near his heart, and the exquisite bas-relief representing the saint in devotion occupied a prominent place in his Derbyshire home. The books he read were few, but (with one notable difference from the practice of some of us) he made those few absolutely his own ; and they passed into the very substance and form of his thought. Some books, says the well-worn wisdom of Bacon, are made to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed. This is a distinction that I doubt if my brother cared to make. A book to him was a thing to be digested, and to enter into the blood. If not good enough for daily food, he would have none of it. In this way also for many years that unique journal, to be a reader of which amounts to a kind of freemasonry among those otherwise strangers—the *Spectator*—proved to him an honest and fearlessly philosophical friend. But from the date of his removal to Ancoats, and indeed before that, he found ever less and less time, after the necessary hours had been given to professional work, for anything but what was directly philanthropic and religious. The art so

dearly loved was crowded out of his life. For even the most necessary relaxation (amusement I doubt if he even thought of) he hardly found space. It was as if the deep sighing of the poor, at whose door he had come to live, sounded all day in his ears so as to deaden all other voices. And not only the poor at his doors. In China, in Africa, in India, above all in Armenia, his heart, his love, and his unflagging sympathy, aided by gifts such as few have it in their power to bestow, were poured out on all he could in anywise reach. Of the numbers at home who learned what generosity there was in him, none but himself knew till after his death, and not even then. He had the joy of doing good, and ever sought out occasions of doing it. Certain moralists speak as if it were a higher thing to do one's duty with a cold heart, by virtue of moral choice alone, than to find joy in helping others. A distorted theory of unselfishness may lead to strange conclusions, and result in placing the angels a little lower in the scale than mere man. Whether in moments of analysis (with which he would be afflicted) he might have maintained some such thesis himself or not, it is no true account of my brother's nature. For he had the temper of love, and could not help it. He took pleasure in doing kind things; and of the blessedness of giving the days brought him great store; while he refused to be discouraged by the inevitable disappointments that clog the heels of

generosity. He never read Martial, but that noble line of his—

“Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes”—

seemed written somewhere within him. And if the material surroundings of his life in Manchester were sad, there was something to appreciate in the warmth and depth of the Lancashire hearts so easily touched to fine issues, that surely many a time met the sympathy of word and deed and look which they never failed to find in him, by an answering glow of gratitude and noble purpose. Than the delicacy with which his help was given, there was nothing more characteristic of my brother. The spirit of Horace's exquisite touch was in it—if I may venture another Latin quotation, since nobody else has put it so well :—

“Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid deest.”

For he took us all as *boni*; if not now, then to be so some day; if the flower was not there, at least the root existed; for the Lord of the garden had planted it, and would not forget. Others may have given as lavishly of their substance, and others again, that had little else to give, have been as unsparing of themselves and of their personal service. He did both these things; and the latter so unremittingly as to cut his life short. He died, as it seemed to us, before his time, and worn out with toil.

Our thoughts follow him to where he passed from

among us to join those that 'are "each some work sublime for ever working in the spacious tracts of that great land." I think he will surely have needed much rest before strength came again even to "stand and wait." For he was very weary. But one thing is his for evermore—and to all who knew and loved Frank Crossley these words, perhaps the most beautiful, of the old hymn, will always be fragrant with his memory :—

"O ye holy and humble men of heart,
Bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever !"

CHAPTER XIII

SOME REMINISCENCES BY DR. MACKENNAL

MY acquaintance with Frank Crossley began in February 1877. I had just accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Bowdon ; and I was sitting in my lodgings when he came to invite me to dinner. He was the first of the congregation, outside the official circle, to call on me. He came to introduce himself. He greeted me with the joyousness of one who was welcoming an old friend ; his face expressed gladness and proffered friendship. I had never been so cordially treated before by one who was making my first acquaintance ; and the friendship he extended was never withdrawn. It was characteristic of him thus to give himself away. And it was no superficial, easy-going politeness which was indicated by his frank manner ; it was an inmost sincerity of heart. With himself he gave, as one needed and could receive it, everything else—confidence, help, co-operation, possessions.

He had at that time three objects of interest—literature, art, and religion. I name these in the order in which they appeared to me ; but this is the

inverse order of their relative influence on him. I knew him first as interested in good reading, and as possessing a choice literary style. Then I discovered that he was much more devoted to art than to letters; he found drawing and painting a rarer and richer means of expression than words. He had a large class of men whom he taught on Sundays, and for whom he made careful preparation. They valued his teaching, much of which I think they can hardly have understood, because they saw the man who was striving to utter himself, and they recognised the soul on which they looked. More and more, his piety, his religious devotedness became the regnant interest of his life. Then it became evident that it had been his supreme concern all along. Even when he talked of books and pictures, it had been the divine world of thought and utterance in which he lived. And when the claims of God demanded from him the sacrifice of every other interest in his personal life, the sacrifice was made.

He was, at the time of our first intimacy, an admirer of certain authors to whom I too was under obligation—notably, M'Leod Campbell and Thomas Erskine. He was, like myself, a willing disciple of the school of "the larger hope." I remember once saying to him that some form of optimism was an essential element of my faith in God. He at once assented. God and the complete and absolute triumph

of good were inseparably united. I do not know if he ever abandoned this persuasion ; nothing I heard of his saying or doing suggested to me that he had been shaken in this fundamental habit of his piety.

Frank Crossley was a mystic, but he was a mystic of a severely practical type. He sought his premises in his moral and spiritual intuitions, and then he drew his conclusions with a logic as severe as that of any rationalist. He believed that whatever was good was practicable ; immediately practicable, if only we had faith and fidelity to make it so. He had no love of speculative thought ; he once told me modestly that he never thought "deeply" on anything ; he was alert to catch the teachings of science in their practical applications, indifferent to the great theoretical generalisations with which modern thinking abounds. These matters did not interest him. He had, I think, no reverence at all for "the cosmic order" ; but moral disorder was something which demanded immediate rectification. The whole world gradually became for him the world which Christ had redeemed ; the world of suffering and sinning men and women, whom he, at least, felt himself charged to save, and of whose salvation he knew and would proclaim the secret.

This practical bent showed itself in another way ; he could not understand diffidence in earnest men ; either the diffidence of the earnest thinker—hence partly his distaste for speculation—or the hesitations

in practice of the earnest lover of his fellows. Prayer with him was God's appointed way for us to receive what we wanted ; and the awe which would check petitions seemed to him want of faith. No man ever gave himself more unreservedly to the behests of any one who had divine truth to utter or a good cause to advance. But it was essential that the man should believe in himself. Tell him that you *knew* the cause you were pleading was good ; his purse was at your service, and his heart was yours. But if you showed any feeling that the methods were imperfect, or the aim merely experimental, you would find that you were failing to interest him.

The ordinary minister is a man of much caution, full of qualifications and reserves. Hence the ordinary minister, though certain of a kindly personal reception, failed to win from Mr. Crossley the generous sympathy which the enthusiast, "laughing at impossibility," was sure of. I once called on him to ask for a subscription to one of our denominational societies. He inquired how much he ought to give. I hesitated to assess another man's giving ; and he said, "Will a hundred pounds be enough ?" adding, "If you tell me that the society is deserving of confidence to that or a larger amount, I will give it." I replied that that was as much as he, in proportion to other givers, ought to give, and that the society did deserve that amount from him. He wrote out the cheque ; and as he put it into my hand,

he said, "Don't be afraid of bleeding me. I am the possessor of a patent. I may, any morning, find that a new invention has been registered which may render mine worthless. While I am making money, I ought to give it away." The interview left a deep impression on me.

(1) It was the first time I had ever been made to feel personal responsibility for a society for which I was asking money.

(2) All our societies fulfil old obligations as well as give themselves to new and seemingly more efficient service: it was impossible for me to say that all its obligations were such as would commend themselves to his fresh enthusiasm; impossible therefore to respond to his large and unquestioning liberality with a larger demand.

(3) The lofty purpose and faith of his last sentence were in striking contrast to the usual habit of even the Christian business man, who makes of the uncertainties of business a reason for saving, while he made of them a reason for giving away.

I have spoken of Frank Crossley's "practical habit;" I must add that he displayed practical wisdom too. The social problem was ever before him; the co-existence of great wealth and severe poverty, the duty of distribution, how to carry out the law of Christian equality, that he who gathers much should have nothing over, and he who gathers little should have no lack. In the earlier years of our associa-

tion he read a paper to our Sunday-school teachers which went very far in sympathy with the extremest social schemes of the beginning of the century. The natural end of his reasonings seemed to me a system of absolute communism, where private possession and family life and individual responsibility would alike be destroyed. This paper was but a feeler. Some time after came a thought on his part of the formation of village settlements, where the unemployed of our cities might find a shelter, and something to do, under the supervision of a man or a company of men who would provide the means and the experience necessary for the scheme. This project I encouraged, but he did not carry it out. His position as a large employer of labour, resident in the Star Hall, Ancoats, represents his final judgment on the question, which had occupied years of his thought. He could not be blind to the dangers that would follow the surrender of authority and the profits of a business concern, which became the means of its extension, on the part of men like him and his brother, into the hands of the whole company of the employed. But the personal share of profits so made might be spent, not on himself and his family, but for the good of the community. And so he betook himself, trained by literature and art, and having the advantage of great wealth honourably made, to where he could lay himself out for the good of the community. It was Erskine's doctrine practi-

cally applied—an election for the good of the whole. Privileges are responsibilities ; they cannot be surrendered, without the elect the mass must perish : they ought not to be selfishly enjoyed, whatever the elect have is to be used—they are to use themselves—for the salvation, in soul and body and condition, of the whole.

Frank Crossley's determination to leave Bowdon for Ancoats appeared to me to speak of another influence. When I first knew him no man had a higher appreciation than he of the refinements, the *convenances* of Christian civilised society. He might have lived and died among us a Christian gentleman in a choice home. But I saw how, for a long time, the condition of the unfolded "ninety-and-nine" was pressing on this saved soul. He was not at ease ; his heart was distracted ; what he had was becoming a burden to him ; the question was, how could he use it for the cause of Christ and the good of men ? An agitation, a self-questioning like this could, with him, only have one answer. When he made his decision I wrote at once to congratulate him upon it. It touched me deeply to know that my letter, following one of a similar strain from Dr. M'Laren, had given a little confirmation to his judgment on the point of duty. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that the self-questioning and anxiety had been divinely awakened. When claims like those he felt are pressed upon the heart, loyalty to Christ demands

that they be acknowledged. Mr. Crossley believed, with all his soul, that what Christ demands Christ intends to be done and will give grace to do. The effect of this change in his mode of living gave great force to his piety and peace to his soul. It not only profoundly impressed Manchester for many days, it set in operation a long train of consequences, originated agencies, became the foundation of a manifold Christian service, the full result of which no one of us can foretell.

With all Frank Crossley's practical prudence, his decision that he could not help certain causes as well as that he must help others, personal necessity, personal suffering, personal wrong touched him at once. No prejudice or preference hindered his doing good to all men as he had opportunity. Tell him of a person sick, hungry, borne down with anxieties of debt, or worn with privations which the sufferer would not relieve by going into debt, and he gave without hesitation, gave sometimes with a startling liberality. "How mysterious it is," he once said to me, when insisting on giving me £100 for a man to whom £30 would have appeared a godsend, "how mysterious that some persons should suffer so much for want of what it costs us so little to give!" At another time he said: "It is not hard to give; it is very hard to be sure you are not doing harm rather than good by giving." This last thought was one of the reasons for his going to live in Ancoats; he

wanted to direct the beneficence he was determined to originate.

During later years I had very few opportunities of meeting my friend ; but I noticed, when I did see him, how wise, how composed, how gracious and good he was becoming. I worked with him a little for the suffering Armenians ; and I marked the meekness and lowliness he was evincing. He had always a sensitive conscience ; when he joined the church at Bowdon I was much moved by his contrition of heart as he spoke of careless days he had lived, and temptations which had overcome him as a young man. Now to this sensitive conscience was added a beautiful saintliness. The former impetuosity was tamed, there was no masterfulness, no impatience. There was the old fervour of sympathy, passion to redress wrong, deep pitifulness, readiness to spend and be spent. He was manifestly being offered on the sacrifice and service of the faith which is in Christ. It gave me no surprise when I heard that he had died in the Lord.

The congregation at Bowdon Downs has erected a simple monument to keep his memory before its young people. The inscription speaks of him as "a friend of God," and "a friend of men." The foundation of his character was faith ; faith in goodness, faith in service, faith in the success of all true effort. And that faith came from his firm persuasion that Christ has revealed the very God. The outcome of

his whole being was benevolence—an active, constant, unwearied purpose of helpfulness, a spontaneous and gladsome giving of himself away. What is the grace in which both these spiritual forces unite? their common source in character? the single root of faith and service? It is love. No one could doubt that Frank Crossley was a man of God; and “he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.”

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII

AN ADDRESS BY F. W. CROSSLEY BEFORE A "VIGILANCE"
MEETING AT LEAMINGTON

I PRESUME that the purpose for which this society is formed is to mark its sense, by practical repressive effort, of the horrors connected with the corruption of innumerable young women by young men, and of some young men by young women. (Possibly the first criticism made upon this sentence may be that the adjective "young" might be omitted.) I also presume that the formation of this and similar societies marks a distinct step in the rise of woman to her proper place as the equal of man. Perhaps few things may encourage us more, as Englishmen, than the thought that the recognition of woman, to which I have referred, has advanced further in this country than in any other, unless we except America. It may be worth while to contrast it with the present state of affairs in the East—say with that in the country which, at one time, was the home of the most moral and spiritual people upon earth, viz. with Palestine. A medical C.M.S. missionary—a friend of mine—who returned from that country quite recently—told me the other day of how cheaply

girls were there held at the present time. Their own parents appear to think next to nothing of them. Any of their stirring young boy brothers may treat them as they would the domestic animals, or, indeed, worse. Whatever cruelties, or hardships, were inflicted by boys of a family upon their young sisters were, apparently, regarded as quite the proper thing, and naturally to be expected. They are their toys, and slaves, and chattels. For example, at Gaza, a youth playfully put out his sister's eyes, just for a bit of fun, or spite ; and this was regarded as nothing to be specially complained of ; while the general level of intelligence was further illustrated by an application to the medical missionary on the part of the poor girl who had lost her eyes to have them put right again. To us this general cheapness of women seems revolting, almost impossible and incredible ; but, after all, does it compare in solid horror with the lives in many cases forced upon young girls in this country by those who have had the power to abuse and mislead them ? We have got rid of some forms of the abuse of woman, but, alas ! the worst of all, though, I hope, disappearing, still largely remains.

I remember when a society similar to your own, with which I was very intimately connected, began its work in Manchester early in 1883. The inaugural meeting was addressed, amongst others, by the then Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Fraser.

In his powerful speech at this meeting the bishop said :—

“The question seems to me to lie in this—Can the moral sense of man—not young men only, but old men—not single men only, but married men also—can the moral sense of man be aroused to the magnitude of the crime which he is committing in thus degrading woman ?”

And that this moral sense has since been somewhat further aroused I think we can affirm with measured satisfaction to-day. This has been done in the department with which we are dealing by societies like your own. They have been formed to put the law in action in such cases as may be reached by its arm ; and though it is perfectly true that the actual operation of the law must be limited to a very small number of cases, it is also certain that to show the determination of the community to reach such cases as do fall within its grasp, exercises a weighty moral effect upon multitudes of the outlying others. For the time being they may be beyond its direct restraint, but not beyond its indirect and weighty influence. There is, moreover, in the matter in hand a peculiar necessity for reaching cases which may be brought within the actual meshes of the criminal law, because it is so specially easy to do so. Compare, for example, the difference between the difficulty of catching an

expert thief and of suppressing a house of ill-fame. The thief can run away: the house cannot. It is there. It is known by its customers, and its customers are commonly ready enough to divulge its location if properly approached and questioned. Not only its tenant, but its owner, can be strenuously dealt with. What, then, must be the reflection of the licentious section of the community when such glaring evils as the existence of these houses are permitted to pass unnoticed and unchecked by those who profess the strongest moral detestation of them? Neglect on our part must encourage them to proceed, and hold themselves blameless. What they do they will argue cannot be helped, or it would be prevented. It is so bad.

When action in this matter was urged upon me ten years ago by Miss Ellice Hopkins, nothing seemed to me so easy for the public to do as to prevent the keeping of what is known as a house of ill-fame, if only the public was desirous of preventing it. This conviction has been fully proved correct by my experience during the last ten years. After the formation of the society to which I refer, one officer only¹ was appointed by it, and remained mainly under my own direction for a considerable number of years. During these years — commencing in January 1883 — the houses of ill-fame in Manchester decreased as follows (the figures I give being taken

¹ Mr. William Eadson.

from the statistical returns of the Manchester police, annually issued): In 1882—previous to our commencement—these returns stated that the number of houses of ill-fame in Manchester “known to the police” amounted to 402. In the autumn of the following year they had fallen to 277; the next year to 148; and so on, year by year, they fell as follows: 125, 112, 98, 32, 5, 6, 2, and in 1892 they were returned at 3.

I suppose it would be hard to find a more remarkable table of figures, and while they are no doubt open to some question, I see no good reason for supposing that the returns are, relatively, less accurate during the latter years than they were in the former. Unquestionably the figure for any year does not represent by a very considerable number the actual number of houses of ill-fame, but it may bear a similar relative proportion to them in each instance, or at the very worst, we may say that to each of the police figures some fixed “constant” of perhaps forty or fifty houses should be added.

May I be allowed to emphasise what I have said in regard to the powers at our disposal now for the putting down at least of the “housekeeping” side of this evil? When people take little notice of what we tell them, we need not suppose that they are intentionally indifferent. Generally they are simply deaf—busy-deaf, or idle-deaf perhaps. Dan O’Connell is credited with saying that to get any

subject (especially I think I may say any subject which touches the deeper morals) into people's heads, you must repeat it about twenty times. After that some one probably may be expected to put his hand to his ear and ask, "What's that you were saying?" Now, I say that to put down these houses of ill-fame is, with the existing legal machinery, one of the easiest problems imaginable, and that Manchester has proved it up to the hilt.

Take, for example, what happened here in Leamington a couple of years ago. Your society desired to find the houses into which a couple of poor girls who were being led astray were taken, and you borrowed our officer for the purpose. Your difficulty, I understand, was mainly to find the houses—simply to find them. But our officer found three of them the first night he was in Leamington. Two incidents of interest occurred in his simple search. He was accosted by a couple of poor fallen girls almost under the eyes of a policeman. He remarked, "Are you not afraid of being locked up? There is a policeman. I do not wish you to get into trouble. Don't speak to me." "Oh," they said, "that's all right; he's squared."

One does not feel inclined to believe things like this without better proof than the word of such girls. Nevertheless, the presence of the non-interfering policeman was certainly suggestive. Now some dust is even more blinding than gold-dust, and gold-dust

is quite blinding enough, but even silver-dust will do its work occasionally. That we do unhappily know. And when difficulties are alleged about such efforts as this society makes, which people, by all unblinded, fail wholly to discern—stare at them as they may—well, suspicions do arise. Some sort of immoral dust is blowing about.

But to continue. Our officer spoke to these, and one or two others; and finding a girl whose heart was not a hard one, and whose story was deeply touching, he gave her a couple of shillings out of genuine sorrow for her misery.

It was a very large gift for him; but I know him to be one of the most generous and tender-hearted of men. “Ah, sir,” the girl said, “many a one has given me pounds to do wrong: you are the first that ever gave me anything to do right.” A few minutes’ more talk, and she showed him these houses of ill-fame, which she knew, and had frequented.

For my part I am absolutely certain that the discovery of all such places is within the easy reach of any one who will take the trouble to find them out; and it is equally certain that the law has the most ample power to close them. The prosecution of the keepers—followed by fine and imprisonment—is simplicity itself, especially when the police are willing to help. I am glad to say they are willing to help in Manchester, and to do more than help: they do the work itself. Whether it

is so here in Leamington at the present time, or not, I have no knowledge ; but the legal powers possessed are everywhere adequate beyond all question. And on that point I may remind some present, that not only are the keepers of such houses liable, but so also are the *owners*.

In order to bring the latter within the reach of the law, we have sometimes issued a circular to them, as perhaps you also have done, following on the conviction of the keeping of a house, pointing out to the owner to what purpose the tenant had been found in court to have put the property ; and that, if this continued, the owner would at once become liable to heavy fine or imprisonment. I think this is one of the best weapons at the disposal of the law-abiding section of the community, and is one of the very easiest to put into operation. Its effect is very far-reaching. The owner not being necessarily immoral, will speak of the circular to some of his friends, and doubtless to his house-agent. Thus the fear of having property of this kind becomes widespread at once. House-agents are likely to caution all owners about it. But with this simplicity of action arises the responsibility for action, as I have before pointed out. I do not, however, mean that it is simple in the sense of involving no labour, and no great amount of determined perseverance. These are undoubtedly required. So also is the expenditure

of money; and yet I can hardly conceive of a more important work having ever been effected, for a paltry couple of hundreds a year, or so, than has been accomplished by the little society in Manchester to which I have referred. The police figures tabulating the reductions may not show the actual existing number of houses; but, be that as it may, a work has been done of great magnitude, and very largely through the officer of the society referred to. The police, on his information, have in multitudes of cases obtained independent evidence, and successfully prosecuted. They have also, of course, independently prosecuted in numbers of instances—the initiative being taken by themselves. The chief constable has taken the thing up, and the result has been satisfactory so far as such results can easily be.

Of course, this does not touch the evil on its more hidden side, nor do I indeed suppose that any such efforts can do so. The radical change for which Christians look cannot be brought about in such a way. Nevertheless, the law may thus be magnified and made honourable. The change of heart for which we pray and strive was aided, not effected, by the thunders of Sinai. Still the thunders were a necessary adjunct. The law was the school-master that brought us to Christ, though His only is the healing touch.

It is not in anger that this purity work is done. It is only done in love. When we meet our fellows

in the wonderful world which lies so near—just on the other side of that veil of gauze—we do not want to see them bear the image of this tainted earth. Here we may hide our character beneath these bodies so opaque ; but when our bodies are stripped off, it may be that we shall be seen through and through. Spiritually and morally, we may then look exactly what we are. *Outside the imparted Righteousness of God in Christ this prospect is not enduring.* The soul can throw its radiance—its look of Jesus or of Satan—through the body even here ; how much more shall we appear just as we are then, when the screen of the body is left off ? We do not wish to see some soul that we have loved while here upon our pilgrim life, approach us there still steeped in cruel and degrading lust. We have witnessed the horrors possible on earth through its hellish influence. Oh, let them end on earth, and be carried on no further ! Here, they have too well proved how hell is made up.

The fairest work on which our eyes have gazed has been God's work in woman. The face of the Son of Man had woman in it ! Wherever our brute force has crushed, or still is crushing her, He calls us to her rescue and emancipation in His pure name.

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